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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 163.)

MARCORETTI;

OR, THE BRIGAND'S SACRIFICE.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY JOHN M. KINGDOM,

Author of "The Fountain of Beauty," "The Three Princes," "Paris in 1792," "A Life's Vengeance," "The Old Ferry House," "The High Road of Life," "Giralda," "The Magic Cup," "Which is my Husband," "Tancred," etc., etc.

AS PERFORMED AT THE ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, LONDON, JAN. 7, 1863, AND AT THE SURREY THEATRE, LONDON, FEB. 7, 1863, AND AT THE SURREY THEATRES ROYAL LEEDS, SHEFFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER, ENG, AND AT THE THEATRES ROYAL DUBLIN AND CORK, IRELAND.

AUTHOR'S EDITION.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

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31. **Taming a Tiger.** Farce. 1 Act. 3 Male Characters.
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33. **One too Many for Him.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
34. **Larkin's Love Letters.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
35. **A Silent Woman.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thos. Hailes Lacey. 2 Male, 1 Female Characters.
36. **Black Sheep.** Drama. 3 Acts. By J. Palgrave Simpson and Edmund Yates. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
37. **A Silent Protector.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
38. **The Rightful Heir.** Drama. 5 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 10 Male, 2 Female Characters.
39. **Master Jones' Birthday.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Maddison Morton. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
40. **Atchi.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. Maddison Morton. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
41. **Beautiful Forever.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 2 Male, 2 Female Characters.
42. **Time and the Hour.** Drama. 3 Acts. By J. Palgrave Simpson and Felix Dale. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
43. **Sisterly Service.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 7 Male, 2 Female Characters.
44. **War to the Knife.** Comedy. 3 Acts. By Henry J. Byron. 5 Male, 4 Female Characters.
45. **Our Domesties.** Comedy-Farce. 2 Acts. By Frederick Hay. 6 Male, 6 Female Characters.
46. **Miriam's Crime.** Drama. 5 Acts. By H. T. Craven. 5 Male, 2 Female Characters.
47. **Easy Shaving.** Farce. 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand and Montague Williams. 5 Male, 2 Female Characters.
48. **Little Annie's Birthday.** Farce. By W. E. Suter. 2 Male, 4 Female Characters.

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ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 33 ROSE STREET.
(BETWEEN DUANE AND FRANKFORT STREETS.)

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Royal Grecian Theatre, London, Jan. 7, 1863.	*Royal Surrey Theatre London, Feb. 7, 1863.*
Prince Orsino (Governor of Rome)	Mr. H. Grant.	Mr. Bruce Norton.
Count Albert (his Nephew)	Mr. Eaton O'Donnell.	Mr. Fernandez.
The Baron de Toleda	Mr. R Phillips.	Mr. Creswick.
Father Anselmo (a Franciscan Monk)	Mr. Basil Potter.	Mr. T. Mead.
Count Pippipoppy (Captain of the Musketeers)	Mr. C. Rice.	Mr. H. Widdicomb.
Jerome (Lieutenant of Brigands)	Mr. Courtley.	Mr. Raymond.
Nicolo, (Brigands.)	Mr. Power.	Mr. Butler.
Gianetti, (Brigands.)	Mr. Barto .	Mr. Howell.
Beppo, (Brigands.)	Mr. Hamilton.	Mr. Morrison.
Andre, (Brigands.)	Mr. Campbell.	Mr. Fitzroy.
Angela (the Baron's Daughter)	Miss Jane Coveney,	Miss Thorne.
The Marchioness Sampietri (Niece to the Governor of Rome)	Miss Harriet Coveney.	Mrs. H. Vining.

Ladies and Nobles, Brigands (male and female), Musketeers, Attendants, etc., etc.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS.

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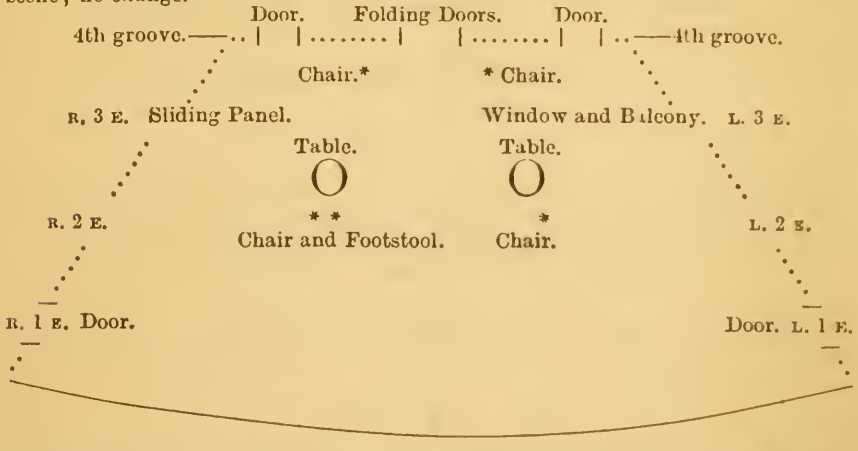
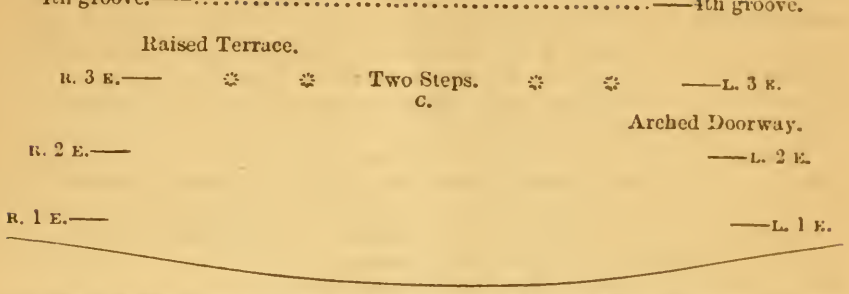
SCENERY.

ACT I.—A rich and elegant Saloon in the castle of the Baron de Toleda. Set scene; no change.



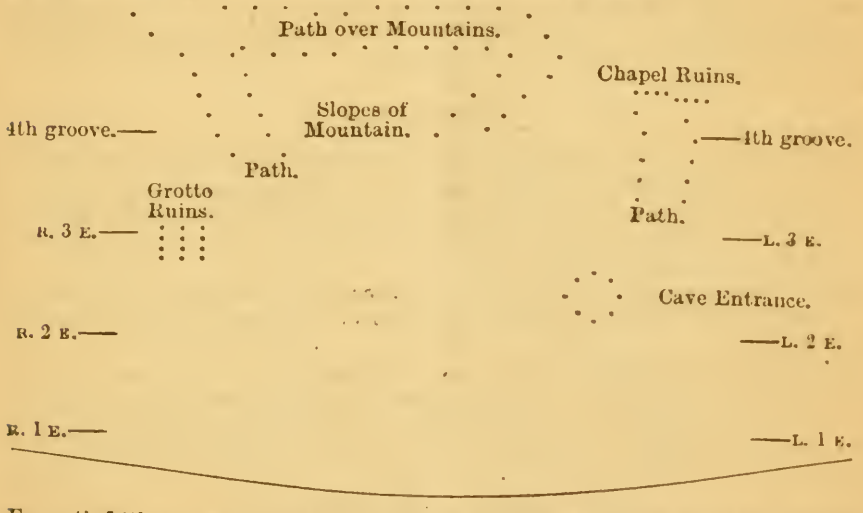
The flats represent the side of a richly decorated saloon. Doors L. H. and R. H. of flat. Folding-doors C. of F. The sides next the wings are closed in, both R. H. and L. H., so as to represent two other sides of the saloon—in keeping with the flat. In the side set L. H., a door between 1 and 2 E., and between 2 and 3 E., a window with balcony. In the side set R. H., a door between 1 and 2 E., and a sliding panel with gilt bell knob close by, between 2 and 3 E. Two rich-looking tables, L. C. and R. C., on them, books, music books, etc. Hand-bell and rich candelabra on table R. C. Two chairs between the doors in flat, chair near table L. C., chair and footstool near table R. C.—Everything of a costly kind, so as to produce a rich-looking saloon.

ACT II.—Ball-room in the palace of the Governor of Rome. Set scene; no change.



The flats represent a continuation of the ball-room, with perspective figures painted on them, so as to produce the effect, when the dancing upon the stage is going on, of a large company. The flats in the 3d grooves represent an arched roof, spreading across, supported by four pillars, with an approach of two steps, C., to the next saloon. An arched doorway between 2 and 3 E., with curtains. The floor is higher between 3d and 4th grooves, so as to represent a gallery running across, and is approached by two steps, C.

ACT III.—The Mountainous Retreat of the Brigands. An extremely picturesque scene, which can be improved upon and rendered according to the fancy of the scenic artist and the capacity of the stage. In substance it is as follows:



From the 4th groove backwards represents undulating mountain ridges, covered with heather. A winding path crossing the stage R. H., nearly to L. H., and turning back to C. Near the 2d entrance, R. H., ruins of a grotto, and a rising path backward toward the mountains. From near the 2d entrance L. H., a rising path leading up to the ruins of a chapel, L. H., beyond the 4th grooves. Between 1st and 2d grooves, L. H., entrance to cavern, near which is the fire.

COSTUMES.

(Italian—latter part of the Seventeenth Century.)

PRINCE ORSINO.—*Act I.:* Dark hunting suit with leather waist belt, buff boots, and gloves, dark hat and feathers, sword. *Act II.:* Handsome court suit of the period; short cloak. *Act III.:* Rich military dress; hat and feathers, sword.

COUNT ALBERT.—*Act I.*: Plain colored doublet and trunks, boots, short cloak, hat and feathers. *Act II.:* Handsome court suit. *Act III.:* Military dress, but with short velvet cloak thrown over—scarlet and white—hat and feathers, sword.

BARON DE TOLEDA.—*Act I.:* Green hunting suit; slouched hat, boots and gloves. *Act II.:* Rich ball dress; short cloak, sword, pistol in breast, concealed. *Act III.:* Handsome brigand's dress; slouched hat and feathers.

FATHER ANSELMO.—Ordinary monk's dress; cowl thrown back, silk cord girdle.

COUNT PIPPIPOPPY.—*Act I.:* Plain hunting dress. *Act II.:* Court ball dress. *Act III.:* Military dress (not so rich as ALBERT'S), no cloak, sword.

JEROME.—*Act I.:* Servant's dress; dark cloth doublet and trunks, trimmed with gold lace. *Act II.:* Disguised as a soldier; black cloth doublet and trunks, boots, sword and shoulder belt, slouched hat. *Act III.:* Brigand's dress; silk sash across breast to distinguish from others.

NICOLO, GIANETTI, BEPPO, and ANDRE.—Similar dresses.

ANGELA.—*Act I.:* Plain white dress with light blue skirt looped up, hair in ringlets, worn girlishly. *Act II.:* Rich ball dress. *Act III.:* Brigand's dress, but of a rich description.

MARCHIONESS DE SAMPIETRI.—*Act I.:* Green velvet jacket, trimmed with gold lace, green riding-skirt, black beaver, low-crowned hat with feathers, hair in curls. *Act II.:* Rich ball dress. *Act III.:* White satin dress, pearl ornaments, etc., blue mantle, trimmed with lace, rich jeweled hat and white feathers.

NOBLES and LADIES.—Various court dresses of the period.

MUSKETEERS.—Dark cloth dresses and trunks, steel caps, breast and back plates, leather gauntlets, boots, belts, swords and carbines.

BRIGANDS.—Male and female. Ordinary brigand costumes,

SERVANTS of ORSINO.—Red and blue doublets and trunks, with open sleeves, trimmed with gold lace, stockings, shoes, buckles.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Richly gilded ornamental books and music books placed on the tables; rich gilt candelabra, lit; striking signal bell; hand bell on table; guitar; gun; horn; trumpet; rich jewel casket and jewels; swords for ORSINO, PIPPIPOPPY, and ALBERT; swords and carbines for SOLDIERS; two tables; four antique arm-chairs, rich-looking; footstool.

ACT II.—Bouquet and smelling-bottle for PIPPIPOPPY; paper, folded as official letter; leather pouch for FATHER ANSELMO to collect money in; pistol for the BARON.

ACT III.—Embers of fire; drinking cups; wine pitchers; carbines and swords for JEROME and BRIGANDS; letter for ANDRE; bandage for blindfolding PIPPIPOPPY; letter for the BARON; organ behind scenes; drum and trumpets; dagger for ANGELA; litter for the BARON, when wounded; packet of letters for ANDRE.

BILL FOR PROGRAMMES, Etc.

ACT I.

Gorgeous Saloon in the Castle of the Baron de Toleda.

THE MYSTERY!

ACT II

Grand Ball Room in the Palace of the Prince Orsino.

THE DISCOVERY!

ACT III.

Home of the Brigands in the Italian Mountains.

THE DEATH!

STORY OF THE DRAMA.

MANY years previous to the commencement of the Drama the MARQUIS DE VILLAFLORE had occupied a proud and wealthy position in the north of Italy. He owned large estates and revenues, and was happy in the possession of an accomplished and beautiful wife, and an only daughter. The tide of trouble, however, swept across him in the hour of his joy. He became involved in the storm of political intrigues then raging, and after a succession of conflicts, each surpassing the other in its disastrous effects, his adversary, backed up by the high political and armed support of the Governor, succeeded in accomplishing his ruin. His estates were sacked—his castle burned—his wife killed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to make his escape, accompanied by his infant child and a few faithful followers. He made good his retreat to an old chateau some twenty miles from Rome, and under the assumed name of the Baron de Toledi, he soon succeeded in purchasing and beautifying the property; and, when that was accomplished, he vowed one lifelong revenge upon the government and nobility of Rome. Accordingly, he organized a band of daring and faithful followers, and in a very short time the name of "MARCORETTI" was heard and feared far and wide; but so well and skillfully were all their plans executed, and their places of concealment so well chosen, that no clue to the retreats of the brigand chief and his followers could be discovered, nor the slightest suspicion aroused that the BARON DE TOLEDA and the thriving and happy peasants scattered over his estates were identical with "Marcoretti and his band."

The only idol and source of happiness and joy to the BARON was his daughter, ANGELA. He caused her to be educated with the utmost care—to receive instruction in every grace and accomplishment, and skillfully concealed from her knowledge the slightest thing likely to raise a suspicion of his occupation. Nor was this very difficult. The operations of the band never took place in the immediate vicinity of the castle—they were rarely accompanied by any heavy personal violence so as to create any extraordinary outcry—and the BARON'S absence was easily accounted for by his strong passion for hunting. The only thing likely to be objectionable to any one placed like ANGELA, was the absence of society; but this she had learned to subdue; and occasional visits to a neighboring nunnery, coupled with the extreme affection and solicitude of her father, were sufficient to render her contented. As for the BARON, his whole and sole desire and ambition was to amass a large fortune and then to take his daughter into society, hitherto unknown to her, and thereby secure a noble and happy alliance. It so occurred, however, that a few months previous to the opening of the drama, the young COUNT ALBERT, nephew of the Governor of Rome, in the course of his excursions, encountered ANGELA in one of her trips to the nunnery, and by degrees a mutual affection sprang up; but, fearful of her father's anger, the lovers' interviews were carefully arranged.

At the opening of the drama, the Governor of Rome and a party of friends have been hunting in the neighborhood. Missing their escort and night approaching, circumstances lead them to the castle, where they seek temporary rest and shelter.

Their astonishment is great upon discovering such a princely abode, and more so at the charming and accomplished occupant. The lovers also have an interview; after which ANGELA summons up courage to reveal the secret to her father. To her surprise, he is not angry; and meeting the COUNT afterwards, is vastly pleased with him, and apparently approves of the choice. It so happens that a grand ball is to take place at the Governor's palace in Rome. He gives an invitation to the BARON and ANGELA, who is so enchanted at the prospect of entering society in such brilliant style, that, in spite of the danger attending such a course, the BARON consents to take her there; and thus enter the lion's den.

The second act opens with the ball-room at the palace. All is happiness and delight—and for ANGELA the summit of enjoyment seems to be attained; but avenging justice is on her father's track. A short time previous, two monks, ANSELMO, the father of a wealthy monastery in the vicinity of Rome, and his brother, had fallen into the hands of MARCORETTI and his band. FATHER ANSELMO managed to escape, but the brother was detained until the payment of a heavy ransom. In hopes of receiving a great reward, one of MARCORETTI'S band gives notice to the GOVERNOR that amongst his guests would probably be found the renowned brigand; he was not aware of the invitation, and could not therefore say that he would be there as the BARON, or in what costume; consequently, the GOVERNOR arranges that FATHER ANSELMO should also be at the ball, and under the pretence of obtaining alms for the monastery, should wander through the rooms and closely scan the features of all. During the progress of the festivities, the GOVERNOR, unsuspicious of the new-found BARON, tells him with pride of the intelligence he has received and of the skillful and, as he conceives, certain plans he has laid to secure the capture of the renowned brigand chief. The BARON perceives the imminent danger he is in, and determines to hasten his departure; but ANGELA, in the zenith of a delight and enjoyment to which she had all her life been a stranger, entreats him to remain a little longer. He cannot refuse his idol anything, and yields. FATHER ANSELMO, with his leathern purse, traverses the crowded saloons without success; he now appears, but the BARON perceives, and skillfully avoids facing him, and, watching his

opportunity, passes, with some of the company, to the supper chamber. Upon his return he gives orders to his lieutenant, JEROME, and other members of his band, who are present in disguise, to see to his carriage, and to be near at hand should he need assistance in securing his retreat.

He finds ALBERT and ANGELA together. They appeal to him to sanction their union. He refuses to consent, but ALBERT leaves him to reflect, promising to return, when he hopes to receive a more favorable reply. ANGELA implores an explanation; the BARON begs for an immediate flight—she yields—they turn to go, when FATHER ANSELMO re-enters; it is too late. He had despaired of success, and, returning, perceives the BARON in the gallery, and, inquiring of the captain of the guard, he finds him to be reputed one of the wealthiest nobles and a new-comer—with which information the captain passes on to other duties. ANSELMO approaches quietly and solicits alms, and, as the BARON turns, with a cry of delight he recognizes the features. The BARON seizes him—his signal is promptly answered by JEROME and his comrades, who, throwing a cloak over ANSELMO, bear him away through one of the now deserted corridors. Thus all chance of recognition is overcome. ANGELA swoons upon the discovery, and when the COUNT ALBERT returns for a reply, the love for her father rises paramount to that for COUNT ALBERT, and she firmly refuses his offer. Maddened at this conduct, he offers his hand and fortune to the MARCHIONESS DE SAMPIETRI, a beautiful coquette; and with her acceptance, the act terminates.

The third act opens with the mountain home of the brigands. ANGELA, now knowing her father's true character, cannot forsake him. Nobly and boldly she has resolved to live and die with him, and has joined the band. The BARON has determined, however, that the marriage between ALBERT and the MARCHIONESS shall not take place, and has sent a portion of his band to waylay the intended bride and bridegroom with the other members of the bridal party; he is convinced of the strong mutual love existing between COUNT ALBERT and ANGELA, and is determined that the opportunity to secure for her a high position shall not, if possible, be lost.

It has been discovered that it was NICOLO who informed the GOVERNOR of the probability of MARCORETTI'S attendance at the ball, and upon the detection of his treachery, his comrades insist upon the punishment of death being inflicted. Not accustomed to such scenes, ANGELA appeals to her father for mercy, thinking that all danger has passed, and that if now forgiven, gratitude will secure new fidelity on the part of the culprit. The BARON can refuse her nothing—he tells his lieutenant, JEROME, to lead NICOLO away, but orders him privately to let the prisoner escape. This clemency afterwards proves fatal.

The BARON'S plan of capture succeeds; he secures the MARCHIONESS and also COUNT PIPPIPOPPY, a soft-headed but warm-hearted captain of musketeers, who is madly in love with her, she having in turn coquetted strongly with him for a long time past, and he forces them to be married by his prisoner, FATHER ANSELMO. Scarcely, however, has this been accomplished, when intelligence is brought that a troop of soldiers are approaching, conducted by the escaped traitor, NICOLO. Upon hearing which, the BARON hastens to the assistance of the band, and to guard the approach to his stronghold. He is shot in the encounter, and brought back, accompanied by the GOVERNOR and his nephew, COUNT ALBERT. Learning of the marriage of the MARCHIONESS, all his love for ANGELA returns, in spite of the change in her position. The BARON sees it—the sole desire of his life seems likely to be accomplished, but for the stain upon his daughter for being the child of a brigand.

He summons up all the remaining energy he possesses, and asserts that she is not *his* child, but the offspring of an Italian noble, the Duke of Modena, who, with his wife, was killed many years before, at the early period of the formation of the band, and that, although unable to prevent their death, he had preserved and adopted their child. In spite of FATHER ANSELMO'S threats of eternal punishment if the story be false, the BARON, with unflinching zeal and fervor, adheres to it—the story is believed—the lovers' hands united—and with the realization of his dying sacrifice to ennoble his idolized child in the eyes of the world, MARCORETTI, the brigand chief, expires.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance · U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First Second or Third Grooves.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

☞ The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

MARCORETTI.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A rich and elegant saloon in the castle of the* BARON DE TOLEDA. *Three doors at the back. A door* R. *and* L. *A window* L., *with balcony. Tables* R. C. *and* L. C., *with books and music, and a candelabra on table* R. C., *etc. The furniture and apartment of the richest description.*

ORSINO *and the* MARCHIONESS *enter* C., *in hunting suit; they walk round and gaze about in astonishment.*

ORSINO. Really the occurrence of to-night is most unpleasant and disastrous. Benighted in the midst of a large and almost impenetrable forest—this elegant mansion at any rate forms an agreeable and pleasant retreat. Marvellous! An hotel in the middle of a forest.

MARCHIONESS. An hotel! say rather a palace, judging from the interior.

ORSI. And considering the exterior a fortress.

MAR. Which at first alarmed me—but my fears were dispelled when I beheld the flowers, statuary, and above all, the grand marble staircase leading to this elegant apartment. Yet strange to say not a living person to receive us.

ORSI. Singular, most singular.

MAR. It is marvellous! and only reminds one of the palaces and enchanted dwellings read of in fairy tales. But here comes the little Captain, the brave companion of our journey; he perhaps can solve the mystery that surrounds us.

PIPPIPOPPY *enters,* C.

ORSI. Well, Captain.

PIP. Well, not so well. The Arabian Nights are nothing to the present tale. Adorable Marchioness—delectable woman! You alone are my guiding star in this path of darkness.

MAR. Foolish Pippi! What have you discovered?

PIP. Discovered! Yes, an immensity. Nothing, absolutely and positively nothing.

ORSI. Our horses?

PIP. Exactly. I led them to the stable! Such stables, indeed. Your Highness's are nothing to them! In the stalls, the handsomest horses I ever beheld; but not a groom, not a living soul to be seen.

MAR. What became of the porter at the door?

PIP. Exactly, most adorable divinity! I announced to him in fitting language the arrival of the Governor of Rome, of his niece, yourself, most delectable angel, and also of *myself*—the great Pippipoppy—a real Count, and a Captain of gallant musketeers.

ORSI. And his answer?

PIP. Not a word, not a gesture; from which I logically, naturally, and positively concluded that the aforesaid porter was deaf and dumb.

ORSI. The only living person about the house to be deaf and dumb; strange fatality!

MAR. The sort of ill luck which invariably attends Captain Pippipoppy.

PIP. (*advancing*, C.). Marchioness! Marchioness! my sweet Marchioness! Star of my existence, beacon of my life—when the head is turned what can you expect? In the midst of our sport, your uncle announces the return of Count Albert, your cousin, who has been absent from Italy for ten years. What does he want? Why does he come back?—that's what I should like to know.

ORSI. My dear Captain, I have already told you.

PIP. Yes, too much. To unite the two branches of your family—to marry two persons who never saw each other, never loved each other, never *can* love each other.

MAR. Captain!

PIP. I repeat the words. Here am I, your faithful servant—your constant attendant.

MAR. Rather too constant.

PIP. Cruel angel. When the Marquis died my love commenced—for three years I have loved you, and for three years to come I will still love you, and if you marry another I shall lose my senses.

MAR. I believe they are all ready gone. You led us astray in the forest.

ORSI. In a pelting storm.

MAR. Conducting us to a horrible inn.

PIP. Where, at least, you were sheltered from the storm, though you would not stay.

MAR. Not without reason. In the midst of the forest, surrounded by dark and cunning-looking men, and the night approaching.

ORSI. (*laughing*). Already thinking of brigands.

MAR. (*alarmed*). A brigand! horrible! the very idea is frightful, my nerves are shocked with terror at the very name of Marcoretti. (*the* CAPTAIN *trembles ludicrously.*)

ORSI. Foolish girl!

PIP. Sweetest angel, be not alarmed—am not I, the valiant Pippipoppy, near you? This Marcoretti has made the Roman States, his native country, the classical land of daring brigands, and angelic women!

ORSI. But now that I have become the Governor it shall go hard with him to escape my snare.

PIP. Hush! a step! (*advancing to* D. R. F.)

ORSI. (*opening* D. L.). On this side, no one. Wonderful! a concert room richly exquisite in taste, the finest instruments; we are in the house of some musical nobleman.

MAR. (*opening* D. R.). Marvels increase! A rich gallery filled with the noblest statues and the choicest flowers.

PIP. (*throwing open* D. R. F.). And here a lofty hall surrounded by numerous doors—perhaps I can discover——

MAR. Go.

PIP. If I do I must leave you in the dark.

ORSI. No matter. (PIPPIPOPPY *exeunts*, D. R. F., *with candelabra.*)

MAR. (*feeling along wall*, R.) Ah! Good Heavens!

ORSI. What, already frightened with the darkness?

MAR. No, but in feeling along this panel my hand struck a bell.

ORSI. (L. H.). We must ring it; do so.

MAR. (*retreating*, C.). No—no.

ORSI. Little coward! I will ring it. (*crossing.*)
MAR. Take care, some one will come.
ORSI. That is the reason for my ringing.

Pulls bell handle in panel R., *and retreats to* C., *panel flies open and* ANGELA *advances to* C., *in the darkness meets* ORSINO.

ANGELA. At last then you gave the signal! You are returned once more. How sweet and delicious are these moments! (*caressing*) But why are you so silent? My letter told you everything, and if I have done wrong, oh, pardon! pardon me!
ORSI. (*aside to* MARCHIONESS, L. C.). How am I to undeceive her?
ANGELA (*with renewed caresses*). Why will you deprive me of the pleasure of gazing upon those features with which my heart is so charmed? Let me embrace you, my fondest, dearest father.
ORSI. (*aside*). Her father!

At this moment, PIPPIPOPPY *re-enters with candelabra.*

ANGELA (*startled*). Strangers!
MAR. }
ORSI. } An angel! what enchantment!
PIP. }
ANGELA. Speak, I implore you. Whence come you?
ORSI. Hunting in the forest, night overtook us, and we came to ask your hospitality.
ANGELA. My father, during his absence, commands the door to be closed to all.
MAR. Good Heavens!
ANGELA. No matter, I will disobey him, and I am certain he will not be angry with me upon seeing you. Tell me, how was it possible for you to find at night this castle, which even in the day time you might pass close to without perceiving?
PIP. (*advancing*). Precisely so—allow me to explain. A storm overtook us, and we sought refuge in a diminutive inn, where several other travellers were also resting from the inclement weather. After some hours delay we determined to leave. It was dark, I went myself to saddle this sweet lady's horse, a beautiful milk-white creature.
MAR. But finding it not take the direct road, I discovered the horse was not mine.
PIP. Adorable divinity! why should my mistake surprise you—consider the news I had heard.
MAR. (*laughing*). Of my cousin's return.
PIP. Oh, woman! cruel, woman! (*to* ANGELA) But it is useless to explain. Like my lady's horse, this was an equally gallant steed, with glowing main, snorting air, and such a whisking tail! In fact a pure Arabian.
ANG. Indeed!
PIP. Such mettle, such impetuosity, such rapidity of action, it was with difficulty we could follow. Away he went, up precipices, through labyrinths, down roads, which at first sight appeared impassable. Three or four miles like this—in thrice as many minutes—without speaking of the fear which makes it reckon double. Suddenly we burst into a vacant space—opposite to us the massive gates of this castle—the horse stops—neighs loudly—the bridge is lowered—our conductor advances, we follow, and here we are.

ANG. (*laughing*). And the horse on which you rode was my own Arab steed I lent my father.

ORSI. Impossible!

ANG. Which proves to me it will not be long before he returns, and he will then give back *your* horse.

MAR. There is the mystery—an exchange.

ORSI. Commend me earnestly to the Baron—I am surprised we have never seen him in Rome, nor his beautiful daughter.

ANG. My father goes but little into company, I, never.

ORSI. Is it possible! Always alone?

ANG. With my books, flowers, music, and a father, whose anxious tenderness anticipates every wish.

MAR. Would you not like to see balls, fetes?

ANG. I never think of them.

MAR. We Italian ladies think of nothing else. My uncle gives a grand fete on Tuesday to celebrate the arrival of my cousin, Frederick.

PIP. Angelic being! Would it were to celebrate his death!

MAR. Pippi! Captain Pippi!

ORSI. On this occasion, the Signora will consent to quit this solitude, and honor my house with her presence.

MAR. Yes, yes, you will come, I know you will.

ANG. With my father's permission.

MAR. Since he refuses you nothing our invitation will be granted.

ANG. Before he returns perhaps you would be pleased to take refreshment. (*rings.*)

BEPPO *and* ANDRE *enter*, D. L. H. F.

Conduct our visitors to their apartments.

PIP. And oh, most delightful of celestial beings, if I might dare but to offer you my unworthy arm (*the* MARCHIONESS *accepts it with mock dignity; as they turn to go a guitar is heard.*)

ANG. (*aside*). Good Heavens!

MAR. A guitar!

PIP. Well, I declare! Music in this horrid forest!

MAR. What does it mean?

ANG. I do not know—that is—I cannot—(*a gun fired without—all start—the* MARCHIONESS *screams*—PIPPIPOPPY *is dreadfully and ludicrously alarmed—the guitar ceases.*)

PIP. Oh! Santa Maria! An arquebus, I swear!

ORSI. Not an uncommon noise in this neighborhood I should think.

MAR. Have you no fear of the brigands—of Marcoretti?

ANG. Oh, no! these walls are too strong and lofty. But I trust you will banish fear and rest calmly. [*Exeunt all except* ANGELA, D. L. H. F. (*guitar sounds*) Yes, it is him! Again—what imprudence. If the brigands have seen him—fired—wounded—killed perhaps—no, no, I hear the guitar still. (*advances towards the window, it is thrown open, and* ALBERT *enters she utters a cry*) You here—such audacity!

ALBERT. The leap into your balcony preserved me from a friendly bullet.

ANG. (*alarmed*). Wounded!

ALBERT. Unfortunately not, or I might have been permitted to remain in this mansion.

ANG. Not in my father's absence. I have written to him, and told him how a young stranger had succored me in the midst of a dreadful storm which overtook me in the forest, and how he passes all his days under my window.

ALBERT. You have told him all this?

ANG. Yes—your affection—the airs that you sing—the words of devoted love, of inconceivable tenderness. I am the sole idol of his wishes, the dream of his existence. There is no sacrifice he would not make to give me pleasure.

ALB. But should he be angry and forbid us to meet?

ANG. I should obey him.

ALB. I ought to imitate you. I have been brought up in France. Friends await me at Rome. I was journeying there when I met you, ten days since in this forest. In a woodman's hut I have passed my time—but to-morrow I must be gone.

ANG. To-morrow?

ALB. Therefore, I determined at all hazzards to see you this evening—to be presented to your father; when does he return?

ANG. To-night.

ALB. Ah! if I dared. No, my first visit must not be in this dress, nor must it be made by the window. Stay, on Tuesday next, there is to be a grand fete.

ANG. Perhaps it is the one to which I have been invited.

ALB. You are invited! Joy, then you will come? (*a horn sounds without*)

ANG. Listen!

ALB. You promise me?

ANG. Listen! It is my father. (*turning to leave.*)

ALB. A word.

ANG. I long to embrace him. Do not hold me.

ALB. You forget all for him. But you will come?

ANG. I did not promise.

ALB. You will be there?

ANG. With my father's permission. Leave me.

ALB. Leave you!

ANG. To ask my father.

ALB. Ah, I am too happy—I go——

ANG. But the forest and this balcony.

ALB. Are nothing; favored by the darkness I shall easily escape without compromising you. Fear nothing.

ANG. It is for myself I fear.

ALB. (*kissing her hand*). Dearest Angela, adieu!

[*Exits by window,* ANGELA *watching him.*

Doors C. *of* F. *thrown open and the* BARON *enters.* ANGELA *springs into his arms with joy.*

BARON (*embracing her*). My sweet child—my treasure, absence from you chills and pains my heart. My bosom knows no rest, my heart no joy. My dreams are only of you and the pleasure I shall experience when I return. (*throws off hat, gloves, etc., and sits in arm-chair,* R. ANGELA *sits on the footstool, and rests with affection upon his knees*) See, I have not forgotten my child—here are diamonds—(*holding up casket*) rich, costly, and sparkling—yet their lustre fades before my daughter's eyes—their richness is nothing to her smile of welcome. (*kisses her affectionately*) Come, my Angela, we are now at home, in quiet conversation, and you can tell me everything about this handsome cavalier.

ANG. My father.

BARON. If it does not interest you, it does me, for he protected and preserved my child. Is he handsome, amiable?

ANG. (*modestly*). I have said too much.

BARON. Ah! I see, you have not paid any attention to it, but he, he finds you handsome—he is right.

ANG. Indeed!

BARON. He is a gentleman of taste.

ANG. And I—who feared that you would be angry.

BARON. Angry—for what? because he loves thee, it is my custom also; and could you wish your father to love you to the exclusion of all others. *No, no,* all in good time—you are young, pretty, rich, very rich. Choose a husband for yourself, but in choosing, choose well.

ANG. I would leave it to you.

BARON. I should be too difficult to please, perhaps.

ANG. You would desire a prince. (*they rise.*)

BARON. No—no prince—no great lord. But a man, whose heart is frank and noble, his reputation unstained and his hand ever stretched forth to help the poor and needy. One condition I impose; he must not be an Italian.

ANG. I believe he comes direct from France where he was brought up.

BARON. I am pleased, and would now wish to see him.

ANG. That is easily done.

BARON. Indeed!

ANG. I will tell you how, my father; I was coming to that, but you spoke of so many things.

BARON. Of the unknown young man!

ANG. I thought so.

BARON. We have spoken of him only.

ANG. I had forgotten to tell you, that this evening, during your absence, and against your orders, I had given shelter to a lady and two cavaliers lost in the forest.

BARON. You did rightly as ever.

ANG. I am glad. The lady and the youngest of the cavaliers had a fear of brigands; have you ever seen any in the neighborhood?

BARON. Never!

ANG. They spoke also of Marco—Marcoretti. Yes, that was the name. Who is he?

BARON. A poor devil—who for fifteen years has made the Roman leaders tremble. The last of a family, rich and noble, massacred in the civil wars, he was proscribed, hunted from place to place, and a price set upon his head. In despair, he threw himself amongst men who, like himself, had nothing to lose—his courage and boldness soon made him their leader. But leave him alone, we will speak no more of the unfortunate rascal. In a few days I shall take another journey.

ANG. Another?

BARON (*gayly*). But this time, not alone, I shall take with me you and your husband to France, where we will settle for life. Whilst here, speak, command all that you please, all you desire; anything that you wish shall be yours.

ANG. Ah! is it so? I have one favor.

BARON. So much the better.

ANG. Next week a grand fete is given at Rome.

BARON. Yes, at the Governor's palace.

ANG. You know it

BARON. I am certain of it.

ANG. Then—(*aside*) and he said *my* house. It is the Governor himself.

BARON. Well, proceed.

ANG. Do not be angry at my request, take me to this ball.

BARON (*starting*). To this ball! I take you?

ANG. You!

BARON. I!—Impossible. (*aside*) I scarcely breathe.

ANG. I have never seen a ball—it must be brilliant, charming; my heart leaps with delight at the idea, and you, my father, my dear father, you will say, yes. Is it not so, you are so kind, so good?

BARON (*with effort*). No, no, it is impossible!

ANG. No! What have I done, what wrong have I committed that my father, for the first time, refuses that which I ask. My presence at this ball is absolutely necessary; *he* will be there.

BARON. Who?

ANG. The unknown young cavalier—he told me he was to be present—I have promised him.

BARON. Rash girl!

ANG. And you know a promise once made ought to be kept at any price.

BARON. Angela, you know my affection is unbounded, but I cannot—cannot go.

ANG. Oh! what grief oppresses me! My efforts are useless—I have lost your tenderness, my father. You no longer love me—no, no, you love me no more!

BARON. Oh! my child! alas, alas! Do not insist upon this visit! (*aside*) If I yield I am lost, lost! (*aloud*) But who told you of this ball?

ANG. The Governor himself. (*the* BARON *starts*) Yes, the Governor himself, who invited us and begged us——

BARON. The Governor of Rome! He is here?

ANG. You will not be angry now! one of our visitors——

BARON. Is the Governor of Rome!—no, no! I am not angry—I am glad. (*rushing to table and striking bell, all the doors fly open.* BEPPO *appears* D. L. H. F.—ANDRE D. R. H. F.—NICOLO D. R. H.—GIANETTI D. L. H. JEROME C.) The Governor of Rome has condescended to pay us a visit. (*all are surprised*) He is here! here! beneath this roof! (*all start*) He remains here *for the night perhaps—let him be treated as he deserves.* (*emphatically*) Remember! (*the* BARON *whispers to* JEROME, *who expresses joy, bows, and disappears with the others as quickly as they entered*) Be calm, my child rest easy; this ball gives you pleasure—you shall go—and I will take you, I swear.

ANG. Joy—joy—my father! (*embracing him.*)

The GOVERNOR *and* MARCHIONESS *re-enter.*

These are our guests, my father.

MAR. The Prince Orsino, Governor of Rome.

ORSI. And the Marchioness de Sampietri, his niece.

BARON (*saluting them*). I little expected such an honor as this.

MAR. Nor we such a surprise. This mansion is charming, delightful, beyond anything I could have imagined. I should be delighted to bring here all the ladies of Rome to receive a lesson in taste and elegance.

ORSI. All your fear seems gone.

MAR. I never felt any fear—not I. It was my gallant attendant, Captain Pippipoppy, who felt alarmed. He is gone, by the bye, to change your fiery charger for my own peaceful steed.

ANG. It appears to me, Signora, you had little cause to fear in the company of a captain of dragoons and your uncle.

MAR. (*laughing*). That only increases the danger to my thinking. The brigands would consider the Governor a perfect delicacy, and if he fell into their hands——

ORSI. (*laughing*). They would make short work of him. And quite right, for on my part if I could catch the rascally band, I would not lose

a single one, but string them all up, commencing with their chief, Marcoretti, whom I have never met, but whom I will yet discover.

ANG. (*laughing*) You would much like to see him?

ORSI. The greatest wish of my heart. For fifteen years he has reigned like a king over the Italian States; he levies his imposts not upon the country people, but upon the Government officers; never takes the purses of private individuals, but seizes upon our cash—the money bags of the nobles. It is this that renders him so popular.

BARON. Is it possible?

ORSI. And the day I was appointed Governor, I swore that ere long this Marcoretti should be shot.

BARON (*laughing*). And if, on his side, he has sworn that the Governor of Rome should be shot?

ORSI. It would create a grand war.

BARON (*laughing*). Do not speak so largely, monsieur.

ORSI. Never mind—no pity, no mercy for himself and those belonging to him. The only difficulty is how to know him. Twenty times have they told me he was taken—and after shooting the twenty prisoners, I, each time, found it was a mistake.

BARON (*sarcastically*). What a pity for the unfortunate prisoners it was not discovered before they died.

ORSI. In a night or two we hope not to lose him.

BARON. Ah! Pray may I ask how this is to be managed?

ANG. Oh, pray tell us!

MAR. The brigand stories invariably affect my nerves, and yet they amuse me.

ORSI. Imagine, ladies, and you, my dear Baron, that Marcoretti, who is of good family, is not without education and wealth, but, above all, possesses a passionate love for music, for the fine arts, even as yourself, my dear Baron.

BARON. Indeed!

MAR. An amateur musical bandit.

ORSI. I am told by my spies that he never misses being present the first night of a new opera. You must know then——

BARON. That his apprehension at such a time may be possibly achieved. Ha! ha! when is the next new opera?

MAR. On Tuesday evening is a first performance. (*to* ANGELA) You must permit me to offer you a place. Such an event will be charming.

BARON. Yes, a magnificent dramatic hit—a startling finale. (SERVANTS *appear at the door* L. H. F.) Come, ladies, supper is waiting.

Offers his hand to the MARCHIONESS—*the* GOVERNOR *to* ANGELA; *they are passing out, when* PIPPIPOPPY, *pale and dreadfully frightened, rushes in* C. D.—*they start back—he closes the door after him.*

MAR. Good Heavens! Captain, how pale you look.

ANG. What an altered countenance!

ORSI. What has occurred?

PIP. (*with grotesque fear*). Oh, mercy! mercy! Oh, Santa Maria!

ORSI. (*laughing*). My dear Captain!

BARON (*laughing*). Pray be calm.

PIP. Calm, I can't be calm. How can a man, who's going to be murdered in five minutes, be calm? Oh! oh!

ALL (*laughing*). Murdered! you jest.

PIP. Do I?—do I? To begin with, the Baron de Toleda, whose chateau is going to be burnt and pillaged—it is this moment filled with brigands.

MAR. The saints defend us!

ORSI. Rest easy, madame, it is impossible.

PIP. Is it? Oh, the incredulity of human nature. Impossible! I've seen them with my own eyes—heard them with my own ears. I was crossing the court-yard to obey the orders of the adorable Marchioness —notwithstanding it was a thick fog—and—it seemed—oh, dear!

ORSI. (*smiling*). Pray go on. One would fancy, Captain, you had been frightened.

PIP. (*with mock courage*). Frightened! *I* frightened! yes, for these ladies and for you—for you. To proceed, near one of the pillars I heard voices—two men—one said in a low voice, "Governor—Rome—Orsino." I listened, and then they mentioned mine! *mine!*

ORSI. Well, what next?

PIP. One said to the other, "It is the Governor of Rome and the brave, brave captain of dragoons, Pippipoppy." To which the other answered, "What matters who they are, since Marcoretti says that—th-that at eleven o'clock he will avenge the death of our companions on *all* who are found in this castle," "With pleasure," said the other monster; "but the women?" "Pooh!" answered the first, "you and I are gallant men, and we can take—" At this moment they left the spot, and I h-h-heard no more.

ORSI. Did I not say so! Those men who were at the inn where we stopped were brigands. They have followed us through the forest to this castle, where they will soon enter.

BARON (*coolly*). It is possible—and you think——

ORSI. That I should like to be anywhere else than here, but for your sake. It is a game to win or lose. Marcoretti is in the right to catch me when he can. But for you is my grief—for your noble castle, the ruin of which will be caused by me—(*lowly*) for these unfortunate females; (*lower*) but all is not yet lost—in the forest, not far from here, is a picket of dragoons.

BARON. Indeed!

ORSI. I ordered them to be placed there this morning.

BARON. The only difficulty is to inform them of our position.

PIP. Which is impossible. The brigands are masters of the place; I saw them moving round the house like a swarm of bees.

ORSI. Nothing is left then but to sell our lives dearly. (*draws.*)

PIP. Oh! oh! oh!

BARON. Agreed!

MAR. My dear uncle, I shall die with fright. Pippi—dear Pippi—your courage alone will support me. (*resting upon his shoulder.*)

PIP. Y-y-ou cannot have anything stronger.

BARON. And you, my sweet child?

ANG. Am calm—I will not leave the room—your fate shall be mine. (*he embraces her fondly.*)

ORSI. Well, Captain Pippipoppy, why do you stand like a statue?

PIP. A sta-sta-statue—no, no, I'm full of life and cou-cou-courage—courage.

ORSI. (*pointing to the centre doors*). It is there no doubt the attack will be made. We must barricade the doors and fight, you, I and the Captain.

PIP. Yes—we—are three—three. (*trying to draw his sword.*)

BARON. I should have only counted two.

ORSI. Let us prepare. I am firm, my dear Baron, in resolving to fight to the last. Your daughter is young, beautiful, and innocent, and before she shall fall into the hands of the brigands, I will die for her.

BARON (*aside*). What do I hear! die for her! the Governor of Rome

die for *my* daughter. Those noble words have saved him; he must not die now. (*distant trumpet heard.*)

ALL. Hark! (*they grow louder.*)

ORSI. We are saved.

PIP. (*whose courage suddenly rises*). Yes, we are saved, and by *my* dragoons, *my* dragoons—the *brave* troops of which I am the captain. (*draws his sword proudly and steps towards the window*) They are here. How loudly they will knock at the gates.

BARON (*aside*). My plans are changed.

Advances quickly to table—takes up a horn, throws open the door R. H. F. *and blows thrice, the trumpets play quickly and nearer*—ALBERT *enters* C. D.

ANG. Ah! what do I see?

BARON. My child!

ANG. (*low, to* BARON). It is him—the unknown cavalier.

BRRON. Indeed!

ANG. And he comes to save us.

BARON. It is well—young—brave, and handsome; I like him. (ALBERT, *who has advanced and saluted the* GOVERNOR *and* MARCHIONESS, *turns to the* BARON *and* ANGELA, *and salutes them.*)

ALB. I am something of an artist, and was wandering in the forest admiring the solemn grandeur of this spot, when I perceived a group of brigands near the walls—concealed in the deep shade, I saw their numbers were increasing—I knew not how to warn you of your fate, when I suddenly remembered seeing a picket of dragoons posted not far off. I ran quickly to the spot, informed them of their danger, and led them hither.

BARON (*aside*). I like his noble bearing.

ALB. Believe me, I am only too happy to preserve you.

BARON (*ironically*). A gallant cavalier.

PIPPIPOPPY *enters* C. D., *with file of* SOLDIERS.

PIP. Marvellous! Wonderful!

ALL. Speak!

PIP. We are now the masters of this castle. We have lost nothing, except our enemies. They are gone.

BARON (*aside*). Good! my signal was heard. (*aloud, gayly*) Not one brigand to take up?

PIP. Not a single one—doors and windows are closed, not a living soul to be seen.

ORSI. A perfect miracle.

BARON. Rather say, it was the Captain's imagination first discovered them.

PIP. I saw them plainly.

ALB. And I.

PIP. And now they are gone. A miracle!

ORSI. Leave not a track unfollowed, even burn the forest before you let them escape. No mercy to them. Farewell, my dear Baron. To-morrow evening is the ball.

BARON (*bowing low*). You have my promise; I will be there. I am too honorable ever to neglect a promise once made.

ORSI. Remember the ball; we may, perhaps, catch Marcoretti.

BARON. Perhaps!

The TROOPS *draw aside,* R. *and* L., *and the act closes as the* GOVERNOR *and* MARCHIONESS *are passing out at the centre door.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Magnificent ball-room in the palace of the* GOVERNOR *of Rome, richly furnished—a short flight of steps* C., *leading to rich gallery—the flats represent a rich corridor receding from view—on the left an arched doorway.*

Dancers pass across R. *to* L. *The* MARCHIONESS, *richly dressed, and* PIPPIPOPPY *enter* C., *and advance.*

PIP. Delightful woman! peerless being—the pleasure of this ball is doubled by your charming presence and enchanting beauty. Never did I behold you more seductive.

MAR. (*looking at her dress and placing it in order*). You really think so—but should you not be in the orchestra?

PIP. Assuredly—when such a grand ball and concert as the present takes place it is usual to have the most illustrious amateurs of Rome in the orchestra. The Prince Corsino is the first violin; the Prince Delano is the bass, and I, I am the trombone.

MAR. (*laughing*). The trombone!

PIP. If you would allow me to bring it.

MAR. Oh, by all means. Stay! on one condition only, that you do not play upon it.

PIP. Not play upon my trombone! oh, cruel! But there is something else. so long have I loved you.

MAR. (*not attending*). Have you thought of the programme of the concert and our music?

PIP. I have some new, some charming airs; but it seems to me that a passion—three years—deserved to be long since——

MAR. Thrown aside.

PIP. Say, rather, a reward both——

MAR. Do I not listen to your simple remarks? Do I not permit you to attend me?

PIP. True, most divine woman. The post to you, as cavalier, is an honorable one.

MAR. My gloves!

PIP. Here—but when to this honor is added the danger of——

MAR. My bouquet!

PIP. Here—I say, some of these dangers are——

MAR. My fan!

PIP. Sweet fan! How I hope——

MAR. Pray leave off hoping—there is no chance!

PIP. No chance! no chance! And my predecessor the Signor Sylvio Frescolino!

MAR. A little officer!

PIP. (*angrily*). Yes, signora, a *little* officer, to whom you gave your hand, before me, beneath my very gaze, and promised to accompany him to chapel. I am calm, very calm, quite collected; I cannot lose my respect, though I can't keep my patience. How did you act yesterday? I was standing behind you—I am always there.

MAR. Like a puppy! Ha, ha!

PIP. I bear all you say like a martyr. I was standing behind you, and you said to the Signor Frescolino, "My letters, monsieur, my letters—I demand them."

MAR. You were playing the listener.

PIP. And I heard him answer, "To-morrow, Marchioness, I will take you to my villa, where I watch over the precious treasures."

MAR. What folly!

PIP. Yes, to love as I do.

MAR. Why do you love me?

PIP. Because I *can't* help it—because I won't help it—and if I could help it, I wouldn't. The more you deceive and wrong me, the more I love you. Oh, if I were only your husband——

MAR. Monsieur!

PIP. My love would increase day after day—firmer and firmer—stronger and stronger. Oh! so strong.

MAR. Your love! what madness! at this moment, too, when my uncle determines I shall marry my cousin Albert.

PIP. Yes, and a pretty cousin he is, too—not come yet, when the fete was given to welcome him. It is an insult!

MAR. (*angrily*). If I thought so!

PIP. (*delighted*). You would be revenged!

MAR. Immediately!

PIP. (*delighted*). And marry me!

MAR. Who told you so?

PIP. But I know it. I should be too happy to join in your vengeance, for I am getting furious—mad—I am jealous!

MAR. Of whom, if you please?

PIP. Of your cousin—of the little officer—of Signor Frescolino—of everybody!

MAR. Pray be silent—the company are approaching, and I would not be compromised by a love scene in the ball-room. Besides, my uncle—

PIP. Is detained in his study upon urgent state business—he will not be here till late. You and I are to do the honors.

NOBLES, LADIES, *etc., enter* C., *and are introduced. Dancing takes place; at the end,* SERVANTS *enter* C., *ushering in the* BARON *and* ANGELA. *All gaze upon her with admiration. They descend, and the* MARCHIONESS *receives her; salutations are exchanged; the* BARON *advances* R. H. *The* NOBLES *surround* ANGELA, *pressing her to dance. The* BARON *gazes admiringly.*

BARON. A new joy seems to fill my heart. I am proud and happy to see her thus admired—yet I forget to what danger I expose myself for her. (*to* ANGELA, *who approaches him*) What said the lords?

ANG. That I was handsome—that the rose had far less sweetness—nay, more than that.

BARON (*with joy*). They were right.

ANG. Then they invited me to the charming dance. I am so happy.

BARON. I have done well then to come.

ANG. Oh, yes, dear father.

BARON (*aside*). And to give her this momentary joy most willingly do I risk my life.

MAR. (*to the company as they advance*). And thus we sought shelter in the castle of the Baron de Toleda, where we experienced the fright from the band of Marcoretti.

PIP. (*advancing*). Who will be with us sooner or later.

ALL. Indeed!

BARON (*laughing*). Are you sure of that?

PIP. It is almost certain he is coming.

MAR. Come, ladies, the concert is commencing.

[*All exeunt* C., *except* PIPPIPOPPY *and the* BARON.

PIP. Your daughter is a charming girl, monsieur; if my heart—if all my thoughts were not engaged elsewhere, I should feel but too happy to reckon myself a suitor.

BARON (*ironically*). Really, such an honor—it would be too much. A captain of dragoons for a son-in-law!

PIP. Pardon me, the honor would be mine.

BARON. But permit me, Captain, to speak now of this Marcoretti—of the hope you have to take him this evening.

PIP. Ah, capital, isn't it? It interests you?

BARON. From curiosity.

PIP. Myself from a different motive. (*with mystery*) I want to appear great—to signalize myself in the eyes of the Marchioness—to become a noted man—the lion of the day—to gain the admiration of all the Roman ladies. If I could but capture and destroy this noted chief.

BARON. You seem to owe him a grudge for the fright of yesterday evening.

PIP. I did not say so—but if I could find him!

BARON. It is not impossible! I have some idea where he now is.

PIP. You have!

BARON. An idea that I will communicate to no one, but for you and the fine eyes of the marchioness.

PIP. It is not to be refused if mine should fail, but I have an excellent one; *success* is certain—all depends upon our discretion. We are going to make merry—you are, yourself, with this rascal. Know that this very evening he is coming to this ball.

BARON (*astonished*). To this ball!

PIP. Silence!

BARON. How do you know it?

PIP. Another idea of mine. A reward of six thousand crowns is offered for the capture of Marcoretti, dead or alive. To-day I have received a letter, informing me of the journey, from one of his band of rascals, who bears the name of Nicolo.

BARON (*aside*). Nicolo—the traitor!

PIP. (*drawing a paper from his pocket*). He is ignorant of the dress he assumes—but states that Marcoretti had commanded his carriage to be prepared, and chosen ten of his most intrepid companions to accompany him to the palace of the Governor, where, without doubt, he expects to reap a rich harvest from the quantity of diamonds worn by the ladies. It is a bold stroke.

BARON. And you believe this?

PIP. Believe it? I should rather say I did. Look at the letter—all clear—he is capable of anything.

BARON (*taking the letter, reads and pockets it*). Except of being a fool, and he would be one to place himself so quietly in your hands, Captain.

PIP. We shall see. I have already told the Governor, and he is taking the necessary measures to secure the bandit if he dares to enter here.

BARON. And these measures?

PIP. I do not know them. The Governor has been closeted for several hours. But here are the ladies.

MARCHIONESS, ANGELA *and company re-enter.*

BARON. What, is the dancing over?

MAR. No, but an extraordinary event has occurred. It is rumored that Marcoretti has dared to enter the palace.

ANG. What audacity, my father!

BARON. It is, my child.

MAR. I was running towards my uncle's chamber, when his valet informed me that a man enveloped in a large cloak, and whose manners appeared very strange, in descending from his carriage was directed, not to the ball-room, but to the Governor's apartments, where, at this moment he is being questioned.

PIP. (*to* BARON). Ah! did I not say so?

BARON. I begin to believe that he decidedly *is* here.

SEVERAL LADIES. Oh that we could see him!

MAR. And I then should die of envy, but I have seen him.

ALL. You!

BARON. Can it be possible, Signora?

MAR. (*placing her hand upon his shoulder*). Near enough to lay my hand upon him had I wished.

ALL. Oh tell us—tell us!

MAR. So sudden—I have scarcely recovered the shock.

ALL. Speak, pray speak.

PIP. Yes, courageous angel, speak. (*offering her smelling-bottle.*)

MAR. Under pretence of informing him that the ball had commenced, I was hastening into the Governor's room, when, in a voice most terrible he exclaimed, "I have forbidden any person to enter my cabinet before my niece; I beg of you, I will join you immediately." And by a movement of which uncles can only be capable, the door was closed upon me, but a rapid glance and I distinctly saw——

ALL. Who? Who?

PIP. Marcoretti!

MAR. (*to* PIPIPOPPY *and the* BARON). Would you believe it? (*to* ANGELA) You, my dear, will never believe it. I distinctly saw the fine young handsome cavalier whom we met yesterday at your father's castle.

ANG. (*trembling*). Good Heavens!

MAR. It was him.

ANG. Ah! (*sinking on her father's bosom.*)

BARON. Be silent, my child, be silent.

ANG. I no longer love him. I feel my passion changing into hatred.

BARON (*aside, with grief*). Hatred—hatred—unfortunate wretch that I am, should she learn to hate me.

MAR. See, they are coming! How strange, only to think that the Governor should offer his arm to a brigand. (*all draw aside.*)

GOVERNOR *and* ALBERT *enter* C., *and advance.*

ORSI. Permit me, friends, to introduce to you this noble cavalier.

ALL. Good Heavens!

ORSI. Who, since childhood, absent in Italy, now returns to the home of his parents. Count Albert, my nephew.

ALL. His nephew!

MAR. What a mistake! He, my cousin, my affianced husband!

ANG. *and* BARON. } Her affianced husband!

PIP. (*angrily*). What the devil brought him here. To marry you and to murder me.

BARON (*aside*). Henceforth a truce to clemency. They were in my power and I spared them. Treacherous and faithless! For him my daughter is betrayed. It is too little to take his life to appease my anger.

PIP. (*to* MARCHIONESS). My heart will burst with revenge. After three years of constant love to leave me and become his wife. I am

getting mad and furious. I shall do some one an injury, it may be him—it may be you, it may be myself.

ANG. (*aside*). No more love—no more hope. In my confidence I believed his constancy; yet another is pledged to him. The tie is broken, and my heart's early dream of happiness destroyed.

ALB (*advancing*). I am delighted once more to visit my native country. My absence has been a long one, but the recollections of my childhood have ever been strong in my mind. (*turns and salutes* ANGELA) Dare I ask the honor of your hand for the next dance?

ANG. (*coldly, and placing her hand in her father's, who looks angrily upon the* COUNT). I am engaged, Monsieur.

ALB. That is unfortunate—but for the next?

ANG. I must decline. I am fatigued, and intend leaving early. My father, let us begone.

BARON. With pleasure, my child.

ANG. While I stay here everything appears to me hateful and odious. (*a general conversation follows*—BARON *and* ANGELA *cross to* C., *as* PIPPIPOPPY *turns.*)

BARON. As a stranger here, Captain, may I ask you to do me the favor to order my coach and servants?

PIP. So soon! I fear that Marcoretti has escaped us again.

BARON. It is possible.

PIP. And thus all my hopes are destroyed. The Marchioness will marry Count Albert, which I by a bold and glorious action might have prevented.

BARON. I understand. Listen—to-morrow, towards evening, be at the fountain on the northern side of the forest—there the misfortune of to-night may be amended.

PIP. And you will answer for the success of the plan. You will answer for Marcoretti?

BARON. As for myself.

PIP. Without danger?

BARON. Without danger.

PIP. I had better take with me a detatchment of dragoons.

BARON. By all means. Bring also the Governor and Count Albert.

PIP. (*aside*). I will, but mine shall be all the honor. (*aloud*) To-morrow then, and in gratitude for this what can I do for you?

BARON. I have told you. Order quickly my carriage and servants.

PIP. You will have to wait a little, perhaps—there is such an immense pile of coaches and a world—an army of servants. I will run immediately for yours, the servants of the Baron de Toleda. Whilst waiting, step into this small apartment, where no one will see you, and from which you can quickly pass to your carriage by an opposite door without observation. [*Exit*, L H.

BARON. Come, my child; we can now leave unnoticed.

ORSI. (*advancing*). Leave, my dear Baron? impossible!

BARON (*bowing*). I fear it must be so.

ORSI. At least you will delay your departure for a few minutes. (*lowly*) I will tell you why—you know the terrible Marcoretti who kept us in such a state of alarm yesterday evening?

BARON (*laughing*). You expect him to your ball; the Captain has made me his confidant.

ORSI. It is true, but the difficulty is how are we to recognize him.

BARON. I remember you told me that you had never seen him.

ORSI. True, but I am expecting *one* who knows him well.

BARON (*laughing*). Pooh! Is he to be depended on?

ORSI. I think so. Marcoretti lately took prisoners two monks—one of them escaped, and he has sworn to release his brother.

BARON. Indeed!

ORSI. Contrary to the rules of his order, he will come this evening and mix in this gay and noble throng—he will present his bag to *every one*, soliciting alms—he cannot fail——

BARON. I understand.

ORSI. To recognize this brigand, Marcoretti.

BARON. If he is here.

ORSI. Exactly. That is my reason for wishing you to remain in order that you might see the magnificent dramatic hit—the startling effect, as you term it.

BARON. I thank you, monsieur, but my daughter is anxious to depart. (ANGELA *approaches them.*)

ORSI. No, no, no, we must detain her as a hostage for another half hour. (ANSELMO *appears at the back*) Ah! here comes the holy father!

The BARON *makes a gesture of terror, and approaches* ANGELA, *Solemn music plays.* ANSELMO, *holding a bag in his hands, with the* GOVERNOR *by his side, passes down the stage,* L., *on which side is a line of the company, another line on the right, and a group in the centre; he solicits alms.*

ANSELMO. Noble ladies and cavaliers, give alms to our convents and to the holy church, and Heaven will reward you. (*aside to the* GOVERNOR, *who follows near him and watches closely*) He is not here—I do not see him. (*aloud*) Listen to my prayers—give freely—Heaven will reward you.

As he passes down the BARON *skillfully avoids him.* ANSELMO, *repeating his prayer and observation, passes across to* R., *and repeats the process—the* BARON *being in the* C. *The* MONK *passes up the stage and down the* C. *group; just as he reaches the spot where the* BARON *is, the* MARCHIONESS, *to whom a* SERVANT *has entered and spoken, steps forward.*

MAR. To supper, ladies! Your hands, gentlemen!

The BARON, *by a skillful movement, escapes the* MONK'S *gaze, turns his back, and gayly offering his hand to the* MARCHIONESS, *passes off* C., *followed by the rest of the company.*

ORSI. Come, holy father, and after supper we will pass through the other saloons. [*Exit with* ANSELMO.

ANGELA, *left behind, sunk in a reverie, is aroused, following, when* ALBERT *enters* C., *and stays her.*

ALB. You must not leave me thus, Angela. I seek an explanation.

ANG. I have none. Go, or your affianced bride will justly complain of your absence.

ALB. My affianced bride?

ANG. The marchioness, your cousin, to whom all hearts pay respect.

ALB Excepting mine. A year since my uncle arranged this marriage, but without consulting me. I have never in any way consented to it. On the contrary, immediately upon my arrival, I hastened to inform him of my love for you.

ANG. Is it possible?

ALB. He was at first annoyed at my intimation, but only asked me to reflect for a few days ere I finally decided, and also that he might prepare the marchioness for the sudden change—for the wound to her self-love—rather a different feeling.

ANG. And could I be capable of accusing you?

ALB. And would fly me! But now——

ANG. I will remain.

ALB. And this dance that I asked you to join?

ANG. With you, and you only.

ALB. And I alone with you.

ANG. My father!

The music strikes up in the distant orchestra as the BARON *enters from vestibule,* L., *with* JEROME—*they pause on the threshold.*

JEROME. The carriage is at the door.

BARON. Good! You and your companions wait *here* for my orders. (JEROME *retires into the vestibule*) Come, my child, all is ready; let us be gone.

ANG. Not yet, my father, I beg of you.

BARON. Not yet! This moment you were most anxious to leave.

ANG. I am so no longer.

BARON. The ball appeared to you odious and distressing.

ANG. Now it is joyous and enchanting. Oh, my father, you yield to all my wishes. Grant me this one.

BARON. Impossible!

ANG. And why?

BARON (*lowly*). The presence of the count should be a sufficient reason. Come!

ANG. But you do not know what has passed! you do not know what I do!

BARON. I know that we should be gone.

ANG. We must remain. He is not affianced to the marchioness.

ALB. (*who has kept aside, advances*). Monsieur le Baron, you are now acquainted with my rank, my family, and my fortune. I have honor to ask of you the hand of the signora—of your beloved daughter.

ANG. You hear! (*low*) I shall die of joy!

BARON (*aside*). And I of despair and fear! (*aloud*) I cannot, sir, consent—I cannot!

ALB. and ANG. } Why?—oh, speak!

BARON. I will explain all to my daughter, and, for that purpose, desire to be alone.

ALB. These reasons, whatever they may be, I am convinced, cannot withstand the prayers and entreaties of myself and the signora.

BARON (*impatiently*). I would be alone, sir.

ALB. I obey; but I trust you will not quit the palace without permitting me to hope for a more favorable reply. [*Exit,* R. H.

ANG. Good Heavens! what means this?

BARON. That we must instantly depart.

ANG. To leave thus, without a motive—without an excuse—never!

BARON. It does not matter. Come!

ANG. I ought to obey your orders, my father, without a murmur, and respect them; but at least explain to me the cause.

BARON. I cannot!

ANG. And why?

BARON. I tell you, my child, I cannot; but, if you wait another instant, I am lost.

ANG. (*with a cry*). Ah! let us go then!

BARON (*calmly*). Remain! It is too late

Takes the stage, R., *with* ANGELA, *as* ANSELMO *and* PIPPIPOPPY *appear at the back; descend the steps and pause.*

ANS. Thanks to the noble generosity of the company, the purse is full. I have spoken to all.

PIP. Why, then, not have rested for a short time? The marchioness reserves a place for you by her side.

ANS. I thank you; but my holy purpose being ended at present, I must leave. (*passing towards* L. H.) Who is this grand lord?

PIP. The Baron de Toleda—the richest Noble in Italy.

ANS. It seems to me I have not yet spoken to him.

PIP. Make haste then—he is just leaving; his carriage waits below.

ANS. 'Tis well, brother. Tell the marchioness that I thank her.

PIPPIPOPPY *exits,* C., *and* ANSELMO, *undoing his purse, advances towards the* BARON.

ANG. Speak! oh, speak! why are you thus troubled?

BARON. Leave me!

ANG. You frighten me!

BARON. Go!

ANG. No, I will remain, it is my duty.

ANS. Listen to my prayers. Give alms, give freely to our holy church. (*the* BARON *feels in his pocket*) Heaven will reward you. (*looks up*) Great Heaven! he is here! 'Tis Marcoretti! (ANGELA *screams and swoons upon a chair* R., *the* BARON *draws a pistol and points it at* ANSELMO.)

BARON. A word—a cry—and you die. (*making a step at each phrase, and driving the* MONK *towards the vestibule,* L. H.) It is I, who a little while since spared you. Now you would kill my child.

ANS. (*sarcastically*). Pity you were so merciful.

BARON. To me!

JEROME *and* BEPPO, ANDRE *and* GIANETTI *appear at the entrance to the vestibule, at a motion from the* BARON, *they throw a cloak over the* MONK.

Away! to the mountains! (*Exeunt with* MONK, *the* BARON *springs with agony towards* ANGELA *and raises her*) Mercy, my child, mercy! Speak! that I may be assured you live! I have killed you! I who loved you more than mortal ever loved! You now know all, and will only breathe curses on me; yet live, live, even if you learn to hate your father.

ANG. (*reviving*). Where am I? My father! Heaven have mercy! (*throws herself into his arms.*)

BARON (*with emotion*). Listen to me. All is not lost. My name, that caused this shame, is yet unknown. To-morrow I will set forth and remove far from thee, though my heart should break; but you, you shall remain here, my child, rich, fortunate, and you shall be happy, joyous; you shall be married, and—(*turning quickly.*)

ALBERT *re-enters.*

ALB. Uncertain, trembling, yet full of hope, I now await your answer.

BARON. It rests with my daughter, sir; she alone will answer.

ALB. Is it possible!

ANG. (*clasping her hands and immovable*). Give me strength, oh! Heaven!

BARON. I give up my rights to her, and I promise to confirm her decision.

ANG. (*aside, with anguish*). Between my lover and my father how, alas, shall I choose? sooner, far sooner, would I die.

BARON (*aside*). A noble lover and a guilty parent—she loves him—Death alone remains for me.

ANG. (*turning slowly to* ALBERT). Before Heaven, I swear to you that my love, my undying love is yours, but that is all; we must part, part for ever. I can never become your bride. (*sinks into her father's arms, who clasps her with pride and affection.*)

ALB. Not mine! Am I dreaming—am I mad?

ANG. Forget me! Go, and with another seek for that happiness fate forbids to us. Far, far from me, give to another a love equal to the love I bore for you.

ALB. Impossible! Speak, I implore you, why is this?

ANG. Oh, what torture! I cannot, dare not tell you.

ALB. (*fiercely*). I must, I will know.

ANG. For mercy's sake do not ask.

BARON (*aside*). Noble, noble child. (*kissing her.*)

The GOVERNOR, PIPPIPOPPY, *and several of the company enter*, C.

ORSI. But where is the holy father? We kept the table waiting for nothing; where is he?

BARON (*coolly*). After having piously and thankfully received *my* humble offering he left in great haste for his convent,

ORSI. (*astonished*). Gone! without discovering anything?

BARON (*bowing coolly*). Unfortunately, but too true.

The MARCHIONESS *and rest of the company enter* C. *She advances,* ALBERT *perceives her and approaches with a gay air.*

ALB. Ah! here at last is my sweet and amiable cousin. My dear uncle, you told me just now of the intention you formed some time since of uniting us.

ORSI. But you declined.

ALB. I have since altered my determination. (*crosses to* ANGELA, *aside*) Explain, it is not too late.

ANG. (*aside*). I cannot, dare not.

ALB. Be it so—this marriage will please me. I am resolved. (*crosses to* MARCHIONESS.)

BARON (*aside*). Noble, devoted girl!

ALB. My intentions are fixed. I agree to this marriage.

MAR. My sweet cousin.

PIP. Here's a change. Oh! good Heavens! All hope's gone—Pippi, Pippi, it's all over.

ALB. Bear witness, my uncle, and you, noble ladies and cavaliers—I, Count Albert d'Orsino thus ratify the marriage compact, and promise to take for my future wife the Marchioness Sampietri. (*takes her hand*—ANGELA *swoons in the* BARON'S *arms as the act closes.*)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The mountainous retreat of the* BRIGANDS, *an extremely picturesque scene. On the right the ruins of a grotto and a winding path leading to the top of the mountain—on the left another winding path leading to an old chapel—various paths also on either side, and at the back; an entrance to a cavern,* L. *The* BRIGANDS *are discovered grouped picturesquely all over the scene. The time is evening, and the* FEMALE BRIGANDS *are scattered about, some apparently preparing the repast at a fire near the cavern—others are filling the drinking cups and handing to the* BRIGANDS. *The* BARON *is seated on the edge of the ruins,* R., *in meditation—*JEROME *resting on his carbine,* L. *Short chorus as the scene appears.*

JER. Be mirthful, comrades; what life can afford more pleasure, give more joy, than the one we lead? True, it has dangers attending it; so has every other station; but we are free, free from taxes, from the commands of tyrants, and know no laws except those made by our just leader for the benefit of the whole band. Drink, comrades, drink! Success to our arms, and death to the Roman soldiers who attack us.

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah! (*drink.*)

JER. But when treachery steals into our camp; when perfidy appears amongst us, there is but one fate for the villain when discovered.

ALL. Death!

All draw back as ANGELA, *habited as one of the* BRIGAND BAND, *appears* L. H., *and softly descends, advances to the* BARON *and touches his shoulder.*

BARON (*starting up, astonished*). Can I believe my eyes! my daughter! In this dress! What mad folly is this? Why did you leave the castle?

ANG. I could stay there no longer. The daughter of the bandit chief should follow in her father's footsteps, and await the same destiny. My resolution is taken, I am firm. (*advancing to* BRIGANDS) Sons of the mountain! Women of our band! Here is my country, and my home; with you I swear to pass my life whilst Marcoretti lives. These are my companions. (*snatching a goblet*) Drink, my father, drink.

BARON. What!

ANG. To our adventurous life. Full of danger and uncertainty. I know it all, and am prepared. (*snatching a carbine from one of the* BRIGANDS) Hark! heard you not the ringing swords and clattering hoofs? Down, down to the earth! Now mark how carefully the enemy come near. Hold! their horses fastened to the cypress trees, they steal upon us. Night conceals them. Softly, comrades, look to thy carbines. Ready—they come, the soldiers are upon us—now, now, closer and closer, the time is come—a volley well aimed, fire! (*fires gun*) Success to our arms, and death to the Roman soldiers! (*throws away gun and flings herself into her father's arms, who presses her fondly and proudly.*)

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah! Life to the noble Signora! Life to our queen!

BARON. Be it so. You accept her as such, and swear to obey her commands?

ALL. We swear!

ANDRE (*descending path* L. H., *with letters*). These letters have been taken from a courier passing near here. (*hands them to the* BARON.)

BARON. Ah! it is our friend, Nicolo. (*turning round*) Let the women retire. (ANGELA *and others retire*) Companions, draw near. (*the* BRIGANDS

form a half-circle, resting on their carbines, in the middle NICOLO, *the* BARON *sits* R.) Nicolo, you have betrayed us—disclosed our secret

NIC. 'Tis false.

BARON. Do not add perjury to your crimes. You sent secretly to the Governor of Rome.

NIC. It is not true.

BARON. The day before yesterday a letter, in which you told him of my intention to visit the ball.

NIC. I swear that it is false!

BARON. Perjurer! the proof is here! (*produces letter, hands it to the* BRIGAND *next him, each examines it and passes it to his neighbor exclaiming, "Death" in a low tone.*)

JER. There is but one fate for a villain who betrays us—look to your carbines! Our laws know but one punishment. (*whilst they are examining their arms*—NICOLO *standing pale and trembling*—ANGELA *advances to the* BARON, *supplicates for mercy, he rises and speaks lowly to* JEROME.)

BARON. Let him escape if he can.

JER. How! it would be madness!

BARON. My daughter wishes it.

JER. He would betray us to the troops.

BARON. Go, her wish must be obeyed.

[JEROME *exits* L. H., *with* NICOLO, *the* BRIGANDS *draw back murmuring.*

BARON. Peace, my brave companions, mercy is never ill rewarded. Let us drown our cares in the tankard and the dance; let us drink once more our ancient toast. (*all advance, cups are filled.*)

ALL. Death to the Roman soldiers!

They drink—the BARON *sits* R. ANGELA *rests upon him, dance of the* BRIGANDS *follow, at the conclusion, the* BARON *rises, all salute him to lively music, he assigns to all various posts over the scene.*

JEROME *re-enters.*

BARON. Father Anselmo, whom I had brought here yesterday, must be treated well—a good supper, a good bed; has he had them?

JER. Most certainly, Captain.

BARON. We must keep him a prisoner until to-morrow, but treat him with respect and attention.

JER. (*bowing*). You know our principles.

BARON. Leave us. (JEROME *salutes, and exits,* L. H.) Now that we are alone, my child, speak freely. Did you think that I could ever accept such an unequalled sacrifice?

ANG. You must.

BARON. To pass your life in this place? You, whom I have reared in the midst of wealth and luxury; you are the hope of my existence, and I would rather die than see you unhappy. There are tears.

ANG. Not so. If there are tears you do not cause them.

BARON. Who then?

ANG. Do not ask me!

BARON. I see, it is for him.

ANG. Yes, my father, you are right.

BARON. I was certain—you will always love him, and he will ever be present in your thoughts. Poor child! I also think of him frequently. I am now resolved. In a few days I will renounce the life that I lead. May Heaven pardon me for the past, and for the reward of my repentance, grant you happiness. (*gayly*) And then——

ANG. Then?

BARON. The Baron de Toleda will be far away; far, no matter in what country; there, my child, I will write to Monsieur Albert the Governor's nephew, that the obstacles which existed to my consent no longer remain. He will seek you.

ANG. Ah! what do you say?

BARON. He will use all haste if he loves you.

ANG. And if he loves me no more?

BARON. Rest assured, my child, anger and jealousy never stifle love; on the contrary, they fan the flame. He loves you twice as much..

ANG. And yet in this moment of indignation, this day even, he will marry his cousin, the Marchioness.

BARON (*coolly*). Not yet.

ANG. You heard, yesterday at the ball, the formal promise to her and to his uncle! the contract that he made before every one.

BARON. Well!

ANG. Count Albert is an honest man, and after making a solemn promise will never break it.

BARON (*laughing*). I will help him to break it.

ANG. He will not consent under any pretence!

BARON. Except under the influence of reasons stronger than his own.

ANG. Which are?

BARON (*laughing*). That concerns me. This marriage is to be celebrated to-day at the Governor's villa, three leagues from Rome.

ANG. You believe——

BARON. I have no reason to doubt, but if one should run off with the bride?

ANG. Oh, Heaven!

BARON. Using no more force than is absolutely necessary. (*quickly*) This is the order that I have given; rest easy, this marriage will not take ace.

ANG. To-day—too late—besides they would meet again.

BARON (*smiling*). Never!

ANG. What!

BARON. Leave all to me. And since it is done for your happiness I am content. (*handing letters given to him by* ANDRE, *and which he has commenced to unseal*) You can tell me of their contents. (PIPPIPOPPY *is heard without.*)

PIP. But, gentlemen! Bandits! Brigands! have the kindness—now really.

BARON. I know that voice.

ANG. The Captain of dragoons.

BARON. Retire, I would not wish him to see you in this place, nor in this dress.

ANG. But you——

BARON. With me it is different; I remain as I was. (ANGELA *retires*, L.)

PIPPIPOPPY, *blindfolded, is led down the path* R., *by* JEROME *and* BANDITS; *he tears the bandage off.*

PIP. Well, what more? Here I am, Captain Pippipoppy of the Roman troops—kill me if you like.

BARON. It would be a pity I hope it will not come to that.

PIP. What! the Baron de Toleda—a prisoner like myself to these vil— gentlemen. (*bowing.*)

BARON. Unfortunately so. You have been this morning to the appointed spot.

PIP. Your directions were perfectly correct; it appears to me Marcoretti was there.

BARON. At the same time as myself.

PIP. But in greater force, and instead of my taking him, the result is he's taken me.

BARON. So with me.

PIP. Brought me here.

BARON. Exactly the same.

PIP. My eyes bandaged.

BARON. Mine were open—a proof that he fears your eyesight and understanding more than mine.

PIP. Just what I feared. Monsieur will be good enough to observe that peculiar looking gentleman with the raised carbine and *savage* countenance——

BARON. Jerome, the lieutenant of Marcoretti.

PIP. You don't say so! You know him?

BARON. But slightly. I am told so.

PIP. Things are getting worse. He told me he had orders to shoot *all* the dragoons.

BARON. Why, you are the principal *one*, the Captain.

PIP. Unfortunately, I know it—I have cause to know it; I offered to yield, and he promised I should receive favor.

BARON. The same to me.

PIP. On one condition.

BARON. So with me.

PIP. Foolish, strange, absurd!

BARON. So was mine.

PIP. It was, that I should be married this day.

BARON. Mine—that I should agree this day to become a witness to a marriage.

PIP. La! how singular.

BARON. Perhaps to your own.

PIP. Not unlikely. What did you say?

BARON. Consented immediately.

PIP. You did right.

BARON. And you?

PIP. Well, you see I was placed in rather a peculiar position. I wanted to live, but I didn't want to throw myself away. I would rather die than do that; I could not ascertain my bride's qualities, amiable, good-looking, rich, not a word. I mustered up my courage and consented.

BARON. To be shot?

PIP. No.

BARON. To be married?

PIP. No.

BARON. What then?

PIP. To throw myself away on some unworthy creature. I cannot call it marriage. But this woman—where does she come from? Who is she?

JER. She is here!

PIP. Oh, la! the Marchioness!

JEROME *waves his hand; the* MARCHIONESS *is led down the path* L., *by two* BRIGANDS; *she is in bridal costume and is extremely violent.*

MAR. (*shaking them off*). Pray, gentlemen unhand me, leave me, I implore you, you brutes! I shall faint!—die—expire. My nerves are too weak to bear this shock; to find myself thus in this place in my bridal

costume, my hair disarranged, my bouquet gone, my joints stiff with the struggle; oh! it's frightful, outrageous, abominable. (*looking on either side and perceiving the* BARON *and* PIPPIPOPPY) What! you here! you, Baron de Toleda and Captain Pippipoppy, my Pippipoppy, my own, my dear Pippipoppy. I throw myself on your protection. Take me away, far, far from here, from this band of *gentlemen*. How? it is impossible! You also are prisoners. This is dreadful. Why am I brought here? Answer me. (*stamping her feet*) Speak! what is it you want with me? I shall go mad, I know I shall. (*the* BARON *makes signs to* PIPPIPOPPY *to go to her; he hesitates*) You are silent! I tremble with fear. Speak! answer me. (*urged on by the* BARON, PIPPIPOPPY *approaches her after some hesitation and whispers in her ear; she listens and then screams*) I am suffocated. I shall die of this blow to my nervous system. To be married! In this state of disorder—compulsion—no escape, oh! frightful!

JER. (*advancing*). It is the orders of Marcoretti, and the slighest wish of his must be obeyed; marriage or death! (*all raise their carbines*) No answer? Prepare! present!

MAR. Stay, for mercy's sake, one moment! (*to the* BARON) It is absurd! this is not my husband. (*to* PIPPIPOPPY) Marry you, sir, when my cousin, Albert, is waiting at the altar? Impossible!

PIP. (*with mock humility*). Granted, sweet Signora. But it is not I who compel you to do this impossibility. (*she walks to and fro in a great rage*) I have no voice in the matter. (*aside*) Only to think, that which I have been seeking for three years with the most devoted ardor, I now gain through fear. Capital! (*aloud*) Were it in my power, most divine creature, I would save you, but I can't. To refuse to marry you! I do refuse; but Marcoretti says it must be.

MAR. (*passionately*). Where is he, this Mar-co-retti? Can't I speak to him; is he invisible? the brute!

BARON (*coolly*). No, I have been *very* close to him.

MAR. You have?

BARON. And I understand, (*aside to her*) indeed, I know it to be a fact, that he has obtained possession of certain letters written and sent by you to the Signor Frescolino.

MAR. (*alarmed*). My dear Baron.

BARON. He has opened these letters, and read the delicious, soul stirring words they contain. (*produces a letter which the* MARCHIONESS *seizes and tears in pieces*) The others, twelve in number, are sealed carefully in a packet, and dispatched probably by this time to the Count Albert, consequently, your marriage with him will be broken off with a most disagreable eclat; scandal would be at work, as these letters breathe the tenderest wishes for your former admirer, Signor Frescolino.

MAR. Good Heavens! what shall I do?

BARON. Why do you hesitate? This marriage will give you happiness—a Captain of dragoons, young and handsome, dying in love with you, and who, if you refuse, will be shot instantly.

JER. (*to the* BANDITS). Attention!

MAR. Oh, mercy! only think, my dear Baron, to be married thus.

JER. Make ready!

MAR. Without giving one time to decide.

JER. Carry arms!

PIP. (*alarmed*). Signora! dearest Marchioness! will you be so cruel? will you see murder committed when by a single word, and a marriage of love——

JER. Present arms!

MAR. Here's my hand, brute!

PIP. And there's mine, angel! But where are we to be married?
JER. At the chapel on the mountain.
PIP. Who is to marry us?
JER. Our Chaplain, Father Anselmo, whom you know.
PIP. Well, I never. This Marcoretti knows every one.

BRIGANDS *male and female, re-enter.* ANSELMO *descends from the chapel—the* BARON, *during music, signifies to him his wish—*ANSELMO *bends his head submissively.*

ANS. Come, faithful couple, come to the holy altar, where Hymen bids you to be present. Heaven will receive your vows, grant your prayers, and release you from this wicked band. (*to the* BARON *as he passes*) I do this to save them from your vengeance, impious man, but the punishment of Heaven will soon light upon your crime-stained soul; may repentance not come too late.

All kneel reverentially as ANSELMO *ascends the path leading to the chapel, followed by* PIPPIPOPPY *and the* MARCHIONESS (*with a little comic business*) *and some others, and the organ of the distant chapel is lowly heard from the time of* ANSELMO *finishing speaking, until the exit of the* BARON.

BARON (*advancing with* JEROME). When the ceremony is concluded conduct the newly-married couple to the post-chaise, and let them there finish the love match.
JER. Yes, Captain. But in running away with the Marchioness, the Governor and his nephew advanced in pursuit with a feeble escort.
BARON. So much the better.
JER. But a strong detachment of dragoons are approaching on this side to release them. (*pointing off* L.)
BARON (*carelessly*). So much the worse!
JER. And they are led hither by Nicolo the traitor whom your foolish kindness spared.
BARON. He shall die!
JER. (*passionately*). It is too late. He knows the secret paths by which the soldiers can attack us with advantage.
BARON. I go—do not quit these ruins; guard well my child, to whom, in my absence, every one must render obedience.

ANGELA *re-enters.*

ANG. Where go you, my father?
BARON (*gayly*). To receive my visitors with grace. Look! (*pointing towards the chapel.*)
ANG. Father Anselmo.
BARON Who gives his blessing to the marriage of the Captain of dragoons.
ANG. With the Marchioness?
BARON. Did I not promise it? you have no longer a rival to fear.
ANG. And to-morrow we shall set out.
BARON. Yes, to lead a new life.
ANG. More dangers for you.
BARON. But happiness for my daughter. Adieu, my child, adieu! (*he embraces her and exits by the mountainous path* R. JEROME *exits at the back. Music ceases.*)
ANG. The happiness of his daughter! What joy, what delight is in

those words? Perhaps I may yet see him, love him, bear his name; embrace him; with joyous heart wipe out the recent sorrow. Can it be possible? No, no, I dare not yet rejoice in such a state of happiness. It is too, too much for me. (*a drum sounds in the distance—clarions, soft at first, then louder*) Those sounds, what new alarm is this? The noise of arms crossed, and the ring of clarions. I fear to move a step, and all my hopes give way to this new terror. (*the noise increases, guns are heard, and cries without*) Cries of vengeance on whom? Father! father! I must follow you. [*Exits quickly, mountainous path* R., *the* GOVERNOR *and* ALBERT, *disarmed, are hurried in at the back by a body of* BRIGANDS *and* JEROME.

JER. At last then, we are successful. We can now repay the Governor of Rome for the murders he has committed, for the blood of our comrades shed by his orders. Yes, their blood calls aloud for vengeance; it is just, it is right. Let our cry too be the same.

ALL. Vengeance! Vengeance!

They point their carbines at the GOVERNOR *and* ALBERT, *who have retreated to* R. H., *when* ANGELA *appears on the mountain path and screams.*

ANG. Hold! for your lives! (*descends.*)

ORSI. Is this a dream?

ALB. (*starting*). Is it possible? In this strange costume! It is an angel stepped forward to preserve us.

ANG. (*to the* BRIGANDS). Sole arbiter of their fate, it is I who must judge them. Back!

JER. Impossible! It is strange justice to preserve them thus from death. Our companions' deaths must be avenged by theirs; we cry for blood! (*advancing.*)

ANG. (*drawing a dagger*). Back! It is I who must determine; over me must you pass ere your bullets reach them. Back, I say, back! (*the* BRIGANDS *withdraw slowly and murmuringly.*)

ALB. By what mysterious power have we been preserved?

ANG. (*aside*). He is saved—but I—I am lost!

ALB. By what charm, what talisman have you driven back these brigands?

ANG. Do not ask me, it is enough that I have preserved you from death.

ORSI. (*aside*). It is strange—her voice, dress, manner, and so suddenly obeyed by these brigands. (*aloud*) Why these tears? What power have you employed to appease these furious bandits?

ANG. Do not ask me. I have saved you—enough. Go, and far, far from here forget that I am living.

ALB Not so. I will not leave you thus. To you I owe all. Your image can never be blotted from my memory—your love never be spurned by the heart beating in unison with your own. I care not for my oaths, nor for the marriage I am about to contract.

The MARCHIONESS *and the* CAPTAIN *re-enter from the chapel, and descend, with comic business.*

PIP. (*offering his arm*). Impossible for the carriage to approach—the postilion refuses.

MAR. He is right; one may knock themselves to pieces on these mountains.

PIP. What joy! what pleasure! here's a wedding day! it's much too

jolly. (*whilst speaking, they descend to the middle of the stage—the* GOVERNOR *and* ALBERT *look on with astonishment.*)

ALB. and ORSI. } Good Heavens!

PIP. (*to* MARCHIONESS). Your uncle!

MAR. (*perceiving* ALBERT). My intended!

ORSI. What do I see?

PIP. A happy, very happy, new-married couple.

MAR. Not from choice, but from compulsion.

PIP. Exactly—marriage or death. Not that there's much difference in the result of the two courses.

ALB. You married! what happiness!

MAR. How! you feel——

ALB. (*quickly*). Pardon, signora, I should rather say how desolate. (*the noise of fighting is heard without, the clashing of swords, guns, and shouts.*)

ORSI. Listen, listen! they are cries of victory.

ALB. But which side is the winner?

The fighting ceases. Several BRIGANDS *struggle on, and entering, are struck down by the* SOLDIERS. ANGELA, *trembling and alarmed, is supported by* ALBERT. SOLDIERS *enter, and* MARCORETTI, *wounded, is brought in at the back on a sort of litter;* JEROME *by his side wounded; they advance to the centre;* ANGELA *screams.*

ANG. My father! (*rushes to him.*)

ORSI. ALB. MAR. PIP. } Her father!

BARON. My poor child! This is my last wish—to have my dying eyes closed by those cherished hands.

ALB. What change is this! Your father! No matter, our laws have proscribed and banished *him*, but *you* are free.

BARON. A noble heart. (*to* ANGELA) You will marry him?

ANG. Never! rather let me die!

ORSI. She is right, such a marriage would be infamous. A noble of Italy to marry the daughter of a brigand. For shame, Count Albert, scorn her—contemn her. (ANSELMO *descends and stands by* MARCORETTI.)

BARON (*who has writhed under the* GOVERNOR'S *words, aside*). On me rests her destiny. I will protect and cherish her. (*loudly, and summoning up strength*) Before all let me make known the secret so long kept closed within my bosom. This child whom all believed to be mine——

ALB. (*with joy*). Is she not so?

BARON. To me she has ever been one

ANS. (*solemnly*). Remember! You are dying!

BARON. I know it.

ANS. A falsehood at such a moment, and all hope of forgiveness is lost.

BARON. I know it.

ANS. A falsehood and your soul is lost.

BARON (*aside*). My soul—my daughter. (*aloud*) Listen all—I swear before you, that a noble lord—with all—his family—in these woods was attacked and murdered, she, she alone excepted—Angela—was—his daughter—the child of the Duke of Capello.

ALL. Ah! (*starting back.*)

JER. (*leaning forward to him*). It is not so.

BARON (*with energy*). Be silent!

ORSI. and ALB. } You swear this?

BARON (*raising his hand*). I do.

ORSI. Then let the hands of those whose hearts beat with mutual love be joined. (*joins them.*)

BARON (*with energy*). They are united! Oh, joy! (*aside*) For her, what happiness. For me——

ANS. (*leaning forward*). Eternal misery!

BARON (*aside to him, with fervor*). No, Heaven who is just and protects us all will pardon the father sinning for his child. (*raises his hand devoutly, aloud*) Farewell, sweet spirit! my Angela! my adopted daughter. (*with forced energy and proud exultation, and partly rising*) No, farewell, *Duchess!* I die, *Duchess*, I die! (*dies.*)

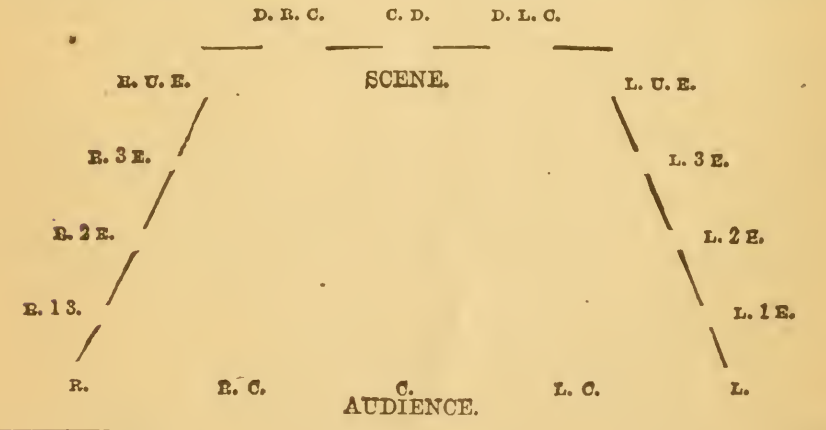
ALL (*murmuring reverently*). Peace to him! Peace to him!

ANGELA *falls on his bosom*—ALBERT *near her.* JEROME *kneels on the other side*—ANSELMO *with his arms crossed standing at the back*—*the* GOVERNOR, MARCHIONESS *and* PIPPIPOPPY *standing* R. C., *and* L. C., *in an attitude of grief*—*in different groups on the stage*, BRIGANDS *and* SOLDIERS—*on the mountains, groups of* SOLDIERS. *The organ is played softly*—*colored shade and an extremely picturesque tableau formed resembling Vernet's celebrated picture of "The Bandit's Confession."*

CURTAIN

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L.	Left.	C.	Centre.
L. C.	Left Centre.	R.	Right.
L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.	R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.
L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.	R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.
L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.	R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.
L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance (wherever this Scene may be.)	R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.
D. L. C.	Door Left Centre.	D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.

De Witt's Acting Plays—Continued.

No.

49. **The Midnight Watch.** Drama. 1 Act. By John M. Morton. 8 Male, 2 Female Characters.
50. **The Porter's Knot.** Serio-Comic Drama. 2 Acts. By John Oxenford. 8 Male, 2 Female Characters.
51. **A Model for a Wife.** Farce. 1 Act. By Alfred Wigan. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
52. **A Cup of Tea.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By Charles Nuitter and J. Derley. 3 Male, 1 Female Characters.
53. **Gertrude's Money-Box.** Farce. 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
54. **The Young Collegian.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
55. **Catherine Howard;** or, The Throne, the Tomb and the Scaffold. Historic Play. 3 Acts. By W. D. Suter. 12 Male, 5 Female Characters.
56. **Two Gay Deceivers;** or, Black, White and Gray. Farce. 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male Characters.
57. **Naemie.** Drama. 2 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 4 Male, 4 Female Characters.
58. **Deborah** (Leah); or, The Jewish Maiden's Wrong. Drama. 3 Acts. By Chas. Smith Cheltnam. 7 Male, 6 Female Characters.
59. **The Post-Boy.** Drama. 2 Acts. By H. T. Craven. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
60. **The Hidden Hand;** or, The Gray Lady of Perth Vennon. Drama. 4 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 5 Male, 5 Female Characters.
61. **Plot and Passion.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 7 Male, 2 Female Characters.
62. **A Photographic Fix.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
63. **Marriage at any Price.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
64. **A Household Fairy.** A Domestic Sketch. 1 Act. By Francis Talfourd. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
65. **Checkmate.** Comedy Farce. 2 Acts. By Andrew Halliday. 6 Male, 5 Female Characters.
66. **The Orange Girl.** Drama, in a Prologue and 3 Acts. By Henry Leslie. 18 Male, 4 Female Characters.
67. **The Birth-place of Podgers.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Hollingshead. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
68. **The Chevalier de St. George.** Drama. 3 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 9 Male, 3 Female Characters.
69. **Caught by the Cuff.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 1 Female Characters.
70. **The Bonnie Fish Wife.** Farce. 1 Act. By Charles Selby. 3 Male, 1 Female Characters.
71. **Doing for the Best.** Domestic Drama. 2 Acts. By M. Raphino Lacy. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
72. **A Lame Excuse.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
73. **Fettered.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Watts Phillips. 11 Male, 4 Female Characters.
74. **The Garrick Fever.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. R. Planche. 7 Male, 4 Female Characters.
75. **Adrienne.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Henry Leslie. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
76. **Chops of the Channel.** Nautical Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
77. **The Roll of the Drum.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Thomas Egerton Wilks. 8 Male, 4 Female Characters.
78. **Special Performances.** Farce. 1 Act. By Wilmot Harrison. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
79. **A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.** Domestic Drama. 1 Act. By Tom Taylor. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.

No.

80. **A Charming Pair.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 4 Male, 3 Female Characters.
81. **Vandyke Brown.** Farce. 1 Act. By A. C. Troughton. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
82. **Peep o' Day;** or, Savourneen Dheelish. (New Drury Lane Version.) Irish Drama. 4 Acts. By Edmund Falconer. 12 Male, 4 Female Characters.
83. **Thrice Married.** Personation Piece. 1 Act. By Howard Paul. 6 Male, 1 Female Characters.
84. **Not Guilty.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Watts Phillips. 10 Male, 6 Female Characters.
85. **Locked in with a Lady.** Sketch from Life. By H. R. Addison. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
86. **The Lady of Lyons;** or, Love and Pride. (The Fechter Version.) Play. 5 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 10 Male, 3 Female Characters.
87. **Locked Out.** Comic Scene. 1 Act. By Howard Paul. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
88. **Founded on Facts.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
89. **Aunt Charlotte's Maid.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
90. **Only a Halfpenny.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Oxenford. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
91. **Walpole;** or, Every Man has his Price. Comedy in Rhyme. 3 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 7 Male, 2 Female Characters.
92. **My Wife's Out.** Farce. 1 Act. By G. Herbert Rodwell. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
93. **The Area Belle.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Brough and Andrew Halliday. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
94. **Our Clerks;** or, No. 3 Fig Tree Court Temple. Farce. 1 Act. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
95. **The Pretty Horse Breaker.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Brough and Andrew Halliday. 3 Male, 10 Female Characters.
96. **Dearest Mamma.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By Walter Gordon. 4 Male, 3 Female Characters.
97. **Orange Blossoms.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
98. **Who is Who?** or, All in a Fog. Farce. 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
99. **The Fifth Wheel.** Comedy. 3 Acts. 10 Male, 2 Female Characters.
100. **Jack Long;** or, The Shot in the Eye. Drama. 2 Acts. By J. B. Johnstone. 6 Male, 1 Female Characters.
101. **Fernande.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Victorien Sardou. 11 Male, 10 Female Characters.
102. **Foiled.** Drama. 4 Acts. By O. W. Cornish.—8 Male, 3 Female Characters
103. **Faust and Marguerite.** Drama. 3 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 9 Male, 7 Female Characters.
104. **No Name.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Wilkie Collins. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters
105. **Which of the Two.** Comedietta. 1 Act By John M Morton. 2 Male, 10 Female Characters
106. **Up for the Cattle Show.** Farce. 1 Act By Harry Lemon. 6 Male, 2 Female Characters
107. **Cupboard Love.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 2 Male, 1 Female Characters
108. **Mr. Scroggins.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Hancock. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters
108. **Locked In.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters
110. **Poppleton's Predicaments.** Farce. 1 Act. By Charles M. Rae. 3 Male, 6 Female Characters
111. **The Liar.** Comedy. 2 Acts. By Sam'l Foote. Altered and adapted by Charles Matthews. 7 Male and 2 Female Characters.

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De Witt's Acting Plays; Continued

No

112. **Not a Bit Jealous.** A Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male, 3 Female characters

113. **Cyril's Success.** Comedy, in 5 Acts. By H. J. Byron. 9 Male, 5 Female characters.

114. **Anything for a Change.** Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Shirley Brooks. 3 Male, 3 Female characters.

115. **New Men and Old Acres.** Comedy, in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 8 Male, 5 Female characters.

116. **I'm not Mesilf at all.** An Original Irish Stew. By C. A. Maltby. 3 Male, 2 Female characters

117. **Not Such a Fool as he Looks.** Farcical Drama, in 3 Acts. By H. J. Byron. 5 Male, 4 Female characters.

118. **Wanted, a Young Lady.** Farce, in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 Male characters.

119. **A Life Chase.** Drama, in 5 Acts. By John Oxenford. 14 Male, 5 Female characters

120. **A Tempest in a Tea Pot.** Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 2 Male, 1 Female characters

121. **A Comical Countess.** Farce, in 1 Act. By William Brough. 3 Male, 1 Female characters

122. **Isabella Orsini.** Romantic Drama, in 4 Acts. By S. H. Mosenthal. 11 Male, 4 Female characters

123. **The Two Poets.** Farce. By John Courtnay. 4 Male, 4 Female characters

124. **The Volunteer Review.** A Farce. By Thomas J. Williams, Esq. 6 Male, 6 Female characters

125. **Deerfoot.** Farce, in 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand, Esq. 5 Male, 1 Female characters

126. **Twice Killed.** Farce. By John Oxenford.—6 Male, 3 Female characters

127. **Peggy Green.** Farce. By Charles Selby.—3 Male, 10 Female characters

128. **The Female Detective.** Original Drama, in 3 Acts. By C. H. Hazlewood, 11 Male, 4 Female charaters

129. **In for a Holiday.** Farce, in 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand, Esq. 2 Male, 3 Female characters

130. **My Wife's Diary,** Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson, 3 Male, 1 Female characters

131. **Go to Putney.** Original Farce, in 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 3 Male, 4 Female characters

132. **A Race for a Dinner.** Farce By J. T. G. Rodwell. 10 Male characters

133. **Timothy to the Rescue.** Original Farce, in 1 Act. By Henry J. Byron, Esq, 4 Male, 2 Female characters

134. **Tompkins the Troubadour.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Messrs. Lockroy and Marc Michel.—3 Male, 2 Female characters

135. **Everybody's Friend.** Original Comedy, in 3 Acts. By J. Stirling Coyne, Esq. 6 Male, 5 Female characters

136 **The Woman in Red.** Drama, in 3 Acts and a Prologue. By J. Stirling Coyne, Esq. 6 Male, 3 Female characters

No

137. **L'Article 47;** or, Breaking the Ban. Drama, in 3 Acts. By Adolphe Belot. 11 Male, 5 Female characters

138. **Poll and Partner Joe;** or the Pride of Putney, and the Pressing Pirate. New and Original Nautical Burlesque. By F C. Burnand.—7 Male, 6 Female characters

139. **Jet is Dangerous.** Comedy, in 2 Acts. By James Mortimer. 3 Male, 3 Female characters

140. **Never Reckon your Chickens.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Wybert Reeve. 3 Male, 4 Female characters

141. **The Bells; or, The Polish Jew.** Romantic Moral Drama, in 3 Acts. By Henry L. Williams, Jr. 9 Male, 3 Female characters.

142. **Dollars and Cents.** Original American Comedy, in 3 Acts. By L. J. Hollenius, Esq. 10 Male, 4 Female Characters.

143. **Lodgers and Dodgers.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.

144. **The Lancashire Lass; or, Tempted, Tried and True.** Domestic Melodrama, in 4 Acts and a Prologue. By Henry J. Byron. 12 Male, 3 Female characters.

145. **First Love.** Comedy, in 1 Act. By L. J. Hollenius, Esq. 4 Male, 1 Female characters.

146. **There's no Smoke Without Fire.** Comedietta, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 1 Male, 2 Female Characters.

147. **The Overland Route.** Comedy, in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 11 Male, 5 Female characters.

148. **Cut off With a Shilling.** Comedietta, in 1 Act. By S. Theyre Smith. 2 Male, 1 Female characters.

149. **Clouds.** An Original American Comedy, in 4 Acts. By Fred Marsden. 8 Male, 6 Female characters.

150. **A Tell-Tale Heart.** Comedietta, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 1 Male, 2 Female characters.

151. **A Hard Case.** Farce, in 1 Act. By Thos. Picton. 2 Male characters.

152. **Cupid's Eye-Glass.** Comedy, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 1 Male, 1 Female characters.

153. **'Tis Better to Live Than to Die.** Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picton. 2 Male, 1 Female characters.

154. **Maria and Magdalena.** Play, in 4 Acts. By L. J. Hollenius, Esq. 10 Male, 6 Female characters.

155. **Our Heroes.** Military Play, in 5 Acts. By John B. Renauld. 25 Male, 5 Female characters.

156. **Peace at Any Price.** Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 1 Male, 1 Female characters.

157. **Quite at Home.** Comedietta, in 1 Act. By Arthur Sketchley. 6 Male, 2 Female characters.

158. **School.** Comedy, in 4 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 6 Male, 3 Female Characters.

159. **In the Wrong House; or, No. Six Duke Street.** Farce. By Martin Becher. 4 Male, 2 Female characters.

160. **Blow for Blow.** Drama, in a Prologue and 3 Acts. By Henry J. Byron. 5 Male, 4 Female characters.